

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## PARIS IN PERIL FROM A GREAT RIVER

### NEW HOPE FROM THE WORLD'S DISASTER

UNLOOKED-FOR GOOD COMES OUT OF EVIL

Will the Rose Bloom on the Ashes of Babylon?

#### MESOPOTAMIA AND ITS FUTURE

The terrible effects of war have been dazing our eyes in Europe for five years, and will not pass away from our memories; but so strangely does good come sometimes from evil that there are parts where the war has brought blessings, and prepared the way for more.

It has been so in Mesopotamia if we think only of the natives of the land.

Think what Mesopotamia has been. In the far-off past it was the home of mighty empires; here were Babylon and Assyria, richly fertile lands, with large populations in stately cities and on prosperous plains.

But the war found this place a bare, parched, desolate land; its great waterways decayed; its productions scanty and precarious; its population reduced to two millions for the whole of the country. The Turk had almost ruined this birthplace of civilisation.

#### Desert Made to Blossom

Then to this ancient land of slow decay came the modern forces of Western civilisation, for the rivers Euphrates and Tigris were a part of the battle-ground on which the military might of European nations met in deadly strife.

The lust of ambition hurled Europe back into the fierce fighting mood of primitive man.

They carried the war into Mesopotamia, and, strange to tell, this land in which there was little to destroy was stirred with new life and hope.

The modern armies crossing the Mesopotamian plains had to be fed far from the sources of their food supply. Fleets had to be provided for the navigable rivers, railways for the deserts, and attempts had to be made by irrigation to revive the fertility of the land.

#### New Life for an Old Land

All these enterprises were carried through. New docks were built at Basra. The waterways were cleared and made more useful. Cultivation of the land was stimulated. Seed was found for the sower, and machinery to quicken his operations. The final result is that to ancient Mesopotamia has come the possibility, the hope, of a revival of prosperity great when compared with the dull stagnation that reigned before the war.

Of course, the native population is not capable of sustained effort on the new lines without direction and prompting by men of the West, but a brighter prospect has been opened out before the people of this historic land, and it is one of the compensations that lighten to some degree the gloom of the Great War.

### Ploughmen of the Soil of Babylon



The soil of Mesopotamia, or ancient Babylon, hitherto ploughed like this, is now to be cultivated by scientific means, and it is hoped that this old land will reap a rich harvest of prosperity from the war

### A LOST BIT OF HISTORY FOUND

#### Rubbish Heap of a Cathedral

An interesting discovery has been made at Winchester. In old places like cathedrals bits of history are often found in books thrown aside as rubbish.

The most unlikely books have more than once told us of things that happened centuries ago. The age of the poet Chaucer was corrected by the finding of a tailor's bill.

Now comes another discovery concerning old Isaak Walton, who wrote the quaint and charming book "The Compleat Angler." He was living at Winchester 236 years ago, in the house of his daughter's son, but nobody knew just where he lived in the town. It has been found out in a curious way.

Isaak's son-in-law, Dr. Hawkins, was prebendary of the cathedral, and lived in one of the cathedral houses where the tenants had to pay for repairs. Among a mass of rubbish an old account-book has been found, and it tells who paid for the repairs of each of the houses, and how much. So, as Isaak Walton lived with his son-in-law, we know which house he lived in.

Those who have charge of cathedrals, and all old houses, should learn from this that any rubbish heap in such a place may include a precious bit of history.

### THE MAN WHO TAUGHT NELSON

#### How the Admiral Loved Him

No great Englishman was fonder of having his own way than brave Lord Nelson. He believed in himself.

Sometimes he did things which would have got him into trouble if he had not succeeded. Once he looked with his blind eye at a signal which would have cost him a victory if he had obeyed. He did not see it, but went on and won. So he was forgiven.

But no one honoured more deeply the man who taught him how to be a captain than this headstrong, confident Lord Nelson. His teacher's name was Locker—Captain Locker—and, recently, eighty letters written by the great admiral to his teacher, a captain, were sold by auction in London for £1000.

In one of the letters he said: "My only merit in my profession is being a good scholar. Our friendship will never end but with my life." He was grateful and modest towards his teacher, though he sometimes did not take much notice of admirals; and that gratitude shows that he had a loyal heart.

#### New Portrait of Dante

A new portrait of Dante, dating back to the 14th century, has just been discovered on a wall at Ravenna.

### POOR MAN'S AMAZING MEMORY

Mind Which Works One Way

#### CASE PUZZLING THE DOCTORS

A case to puzzle the scientists is reported in the medical journals; the case of a poor man who is an imbecile yet possesses a marvellous, specialised memory. Sixty years of age, he has spent nearly the whole of his life in a Devonshire poor-law home for the insane. His walk and his talk all betray the incurable deficiency of his mind; in general talk he uses but few words, and repeats them again and again.

Yet this feeble, suffering brain has a faculty which must be almost unequalled. Many great men—Macaulay, for example—have had phenomenal memories. Macaulay could reel off by heart almost anything he had read, prose or verse. He, like other rivals in the same direction, had a magnificent brain, yet it is certain he could not have done what this poor man can do.

#### Mind's Tremendous Feat

If the number of any psalm be mentioned this man can at once recite the whole psalm. Given the number of a hymn, he can repeat all the verses. But, more wonderful still, if he be given a date in any year, he can tell the day of the week on which that date occurred.

Here is a poser for mind experts. This poor man's brain lacks all the qualities which make for sanity, save one. The faculty of memory may have been normal at the man's birth, and constant practice may have marvelously developed it. Whatever the explanation may be, the marvel is that a mind capable of such a tremendous feat did not grow into an organ of reason.

Perhaps primitive brains were of that kind, sense-organs capable of only single freakish lines of thought, and incapable of wide comprehension. Entire families of animals, greater than any now surviving, died for lack of adequate brains, and we may fancy that such brains were of one department, so to speak, capable of use in only one way, like that of this poor man in Devonshire.

### THE EMPTY SHIP

#### A Sea Mystery Solved

The mystery of the British schooner Marion Douglas, which was found the other day floating off the Scilly Islands with no one on board, has been solved.

It seems that the ship had been so buffeted by storms that the crew were utterly exhausted, and were taken off by a steamer bound for America, which intended landing them at Queenstown.

Heavy weather prevented this, and the crew, after having crossed the Atlantic, have now been landed safely at Halifax, Nova Scotia.



## AMAZING AMERICA STRENGTH OF A HUNDRED MILLION NATION

### Altering the Constitution

#### A TEETOTAL STATE

It is now illegal to make or sell alcohol for drinking from end to end of the United States. On January 15 the Eighteenth Amendment to the American Constitution as George Washington left it came into force, and America is a teetotal State.

It is said that Europe is to borrow largely from the United States for Reconstruction, and the stoppage of drink will enable America to lend to all the world from the profits of industry.

By Our American Correspondent

Some people think the most wonderful things in America are the Rocky Mountains or the Falls of Niagara; but to me the most wonderful thing is the fact that 110 million people find it possible to live happily without a public-house between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

This fact is more amazing because the Americans are drawn from many European races. Millions come from hard-drinking countries, yet all these people have agreed to do without alcohol.

#### Begun in the Schools

In America there are 48 States, all in many ways independent of one another. What happened was that one State after another voted against liquor, and people found that, once a State had voted alcohol out, it never wanted it back again.

For many years the children had been taught in school that alcohol is bad for the body. No American girl would think of going into a saloon, and most girls were sensible enough to have nothing to do with a young man who was known to drink. On the railroads and in the great steel works they found that all the best men were teetotallers.

In America the great game is baseball. The best players earn as much as £2000 a year; but it was discovered that no player could be really first class unless he gave up alcohol.

#### The Women's Part

American women like to have their homes comfortable; they like to have a little money to spend on clothes and furniture. In cities where drink was still sold the women used to read of the good time wives and families enjoyed in cities where the men no longer spent their wages in saloons.

For all these reasons the Americans determined to make an end of Drink once for all. Some said that the brewers and the saloon-keepers should be paid money to compensate them for the loss of their business, but the Americans replied that this would be very unfair, as the brewers had been making profits by causing much misery among the people who had been compelled to pay for prisons and police and asylums, which would have been quite unnecessary if Drink had not driven its victims into crime and insanity. Besides, they told the brewers that in a sober country there is always plenty of work.

#### For Ever

The result of all this is that the Americans have put into their constitution a new clause making it illegal for ever to make or sell or import alcohol for drinking, and everyone knows that this new law can never be repealed.

As the saloons are closed, people have much more money to spend on motor-cars, and there are actually 1,250,000 of these machines on order now. Also, theatres and picture palaces have never been so crowded, and naturally the producers of films are against alcohol.

It is curious that as people give up drinking alcohol they find more delightful beverages to quench their thirst. The demand for sugar is increasing, and this means that there are more sweets and an extra lump of sugar for a cup of tea.

## ISLAND CUT OFF

### Fifteen People Icebound in a Lighthouse

The nearest way to Canada from Great Britain is past the north of Newfoundland and through the Strait of Belle Isle, so named from an island at the entrance to the passage into the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

But in winter the strait is closed by ice and the gulf is frozen. On the island live a few people—fifteen at present. They are lighthouse men and their assistants, wives, and children, with three Marconi wireless operators.

As a rule, they are well provisioned for the winter, till the ice melts and the vessels begin to pass again. But early this winter the vessel carrying their winter stores ran aground, and, right in the middle of one of the world's great summer waterways, these fifteen people were living with only a scanty supply of food.

A war vessel tried to break a way through to relieve them, but for a long time it failed. Then, forcing its way through the ice and going right round the Newfoundland coast, it finally managed to take off the marooned islanders.

## PHOTOGRAPHS IN COLOURS

### Russian Chemist's Discovery

It is hoped that by means of a new invention of a Russian chemist it will be possible for everyone to take photographs in their natural colours.

This can already be done by various means, but the pictures are not easy to take, and the result is that we rarely see them. It is claimed that the new method will enable anyone with an ordinary camera to take colour photographs easily.

## THE QUAKING EARTH

### Terrible Event in Mexico

Mexico has been badly shaken by an earthquake, which has caused great destruction of property and loss of life.

The volcano of Orizaba was the centre of the disturbance, and the coast province of Vera Cruz suffered most. In one town a steeple fell on a congregation praying in church; in other towns houses collapsed, killing scores of people. Two villages were wiped out. In Mexico City many walls were cracked, but no deaths are reported.

When the earthquake began, with terrifying noises underground, the shocks were recorded on an instrument in Washington, and scientists stated that there must be an earthquake in South America about 1900 miles away. Vera Cruz is 1800 miles from Washington.

#### UPSIDE DOWN

Not half the story will ever be told of the amazing things done in the world. A very odd incident has just been described. It was told by Professor Bragg, during his fascinating lectures on Sound at the Royal Institution.

The story concerns Sir Richard Paget, Secretary of the Admiralty Board of Invention during the war. In the course of some experiments in listening to submarines, Sir Richard stripped to the waist and allowed himself to be lowered into the water, head downwards, over the side of a boat. On being drawn up from the water, Sir Richard was humming exactly the note of the sound made by the submarine!

## Pronunciations in this Paper

Betelgeuze . . . . .	Bet-el-gerz
Nylghaie . . . . .	Nil-gay-ee
Orion . . . . .	O-ri-on
Orionis . . . . .	O-ri-on-is
Phoenicians . . . . .	Fen-eesh-yens
Procyon . . . . .	Pro-see-on
Rupprecht . . . . .	Roo-prekt

## A HERO HOME AGAIN

### Exciting Scene on a Parapet

The latest award of the Albert medal for saving life has been given for a splendid deed of daring.

The hero is Mr. Walter Cleall, a demobilised soldier, and the scene was the Royal Hotel, in Cardiff, where a fire broke out with great rapidity.

The building was in flames up to the sixth storey before the crowd watching below saw a maid engaged at the hotel come to a sixth-floor window and cry for help.

Mr. Cleall answered the call and found his way up to the floor, but not to the room where the girl was. To reach her he had to pass along a narrow parapet outside the building 100 feet above the street. This he succeeded in doing, and reached her just as part of the roof was falling in. Then he carried her along the dizzy parapet and brought her to safety.

## The Power that Won the War

One man above all others is entitled to say who won the war, and Marshal Foch has spoken. He has been talking to a journalist in France.

"Do not talk to me about glory, beauty, enthusiasm," he says; "they are verbal manifestations. Nothing exists except facts and acts."

But Foch has a clear understanding of the facts of this world and the acts that govern them, and this is what he says:

Without trying to drag in miracles, just because clear vision is vouchsafed to a man, I still hold that this clear vision comes from a providential force, in the hands of which one is an instrument, and that the victorious decision emanates from above, by a higher and Divine will.

## WONDER-MAN OF THE SEA

### How He Saved England

The world is being well rid of the sort of kings who have misruled it in the past, but how many people realise how nearly we were brought to the utter destruction of England by our kings and queens?

We see it well in the marvellous story of the adventures of Sir Francis Drake, told by the Editor of the Children's Newspaper in the new February number of My Magazine. There is no story anywhere like this of Drake of long ago, who spent his strength in breaking the cruel power of Spain and building up the freedom of the seas.

We read in this story how Drake, crippled for want of men, the few he had famishing for food and powder denied him by the Queen, smashed the frightful power of Philip of Spain, who wrung the treasure from the earth and menaced all mankind. Such was the power of our famous sailor that, after the Armada had been beaten, the news that Drake was building ships again struck terror in Lisbon, and led thousands of people to leave the Spanish port; while the fact that Drake was living quietly in London was enough to allay any panic at home.

The tale of this wonder man of England's should be read in every school.

#### THE BOYS ARE SPLENDID

In peace, as in war, the boys are splendid.

A boy of 13 has been rewarded by the Royal Humane Society for diving 20 feet into Dover Harbour and saving a little child.

A telegraph boy of 14 jumped into the sea the other day at Cowes, weighed down by his cape and heavy boots, and rescued a child.

The Dover boy is Robert Sprinks; the Cowes boy is Stanley Russell. Our compliments to both.

## LAWRENCE OF ARABIA

### YOUNG MAN WHO MARCHED INTO HISTORY

#### How He Went Into the Desert to Dig

#### AND BECAME AN ARAB PRINCE

Lawrence of Arabia is one of the young immortals of the war. His life is now being told serially in a monthly magazine. But My Magazine has succeeded in forestalling all other life-stories of this conqueror of Arabia, and there are still left a few copies of the January number in which his tale is told.

Of all the marvellous stories of the war that changed the world none is more astonishing than this story of a boy who did well at school and whose scholarship has won him fame.

#### Deliverance of Jerusalem

The redemption of Palestine and the deliverance of Jerusalem from the thralldom of the Turk was at once the most remarkable military achievement and the most spectacular effect of the war. Never in our history has there been so sudden and striking and beneficent a transformation as this change that has come over Palestine, lifting a veil of gloom from the Holy Land and setting happiness and freedom in her midst.

And when the story of the great deliverance comes to be fully told, and all its consequences are seen in ages yet to come, the name of this young Oxford scholar will for ever be remembered. Almost unknown when the war began, he had reached his fame when it closed, and had stamped his mark for ever in the history of the Arab race.

#### Two Holy Cities

He found these ancient people scattered, and made them one again; he set them on a new beginning. And this young man has won such distinction as, perhaps, no man ever had before, for he has been a mighty figure, even in his youth, in the deliverance of the Holy Cities of two great religions of mankind.

He has played a noble part in the redemption of Jerusalem and Mecca, the sacred places of Christianity, the most beneficent influence upon the earth, and of Mohammedanism, the faith of those teeming millions of the East whose stirring in the world of today may have such meaning in the years to come as no man can foresee.

Those who would read how this young man went out into the desert to pick up stones, stayed to shape the destinies of a race, and came back an Arab prince, should buy the January number of My Magazine, of which not many copies are now left.

#### SEEING THROUGH A MOTOR TYRE

The wonderful X-rays produced with the tube invented by Dr. Coolidge, which "see" through heavy steel castings, are now being used to examine motor tyres.

A clear image of the whole thickness of the tyre is seen on a screen, and an expert can tell at a glance whether the steel studs are well fixed, and whether a tear in the tyre has been properly vulcanised.

#### IN THE AUCTION ROOMS

These prices have lately been paid in the auction room for objects of interest:

A shorthorn bull . . . . .	£4987
A Chippendale sideboard . . . . .	£1120
A lock of Napoleon's hair . . . . .	£20
A lock of Wellington's hair . . . . .	£19



# 28 Men Cut Off From the World—Adventures on a Frozen Continent

## The Little Band of Heroes Locked in the Grip of Ice While All Europe Rocked and Reeled

### A Book Being Read Now

**South. The Story of the 1914-1917 Antarctic Expedition.** By Sir Ernest Shackleton. With magnificent photographs. Heinemann. 25s.

THERE are a few heroic stories that the world will never forget, some old, some new, and the newest has just been told in Sir Ernest Shackleton's enthralling book.

During the first two years of the Great War, while the people of the British race and their friends among the nations were battling with desperate bravery for all they and the world held dear, 56 Britishers, in two ships, under the leadership of Sir Ernest Shackleton, were battling in the ice, far off in the desolation around the South Pole, out of call from all the rest of mankind.

### Three Shining Names

Imperishably noble are the stories of the Great War, but not one whit more noble than the doings of those isolated little bands of men striving to overcome the rigours of the blizzard-swept continent at the southern limit of the earth.

Among the men who have dared the uttermost in the bleak Antarctic three names shine resplendently: Scott, Amundsen, and Shackleton. Amundsen was the only one who conquered and lived. Scott conquered and died. Shackleton failed; but his heroic failure takes no second place.

As a story of how men can dare and do, suffer undaunted, and go on, triumphing in spirit over the extremity of human weakness, wringing victory from defeat, this great, simple, modest book by Sir Ernest Shackleton is unexcelled in the annals of endurance, bravery, and loyal companionship.

### What They Set Out To Do

The object of Shackleton's 1914 expedition was to cross the everlasting snow of the Antarctic continent from coast to coast.

Hitherto only dashes had been made from one coast to the South Pole and back again. Shackleton's plan was to approach the continent from Buenos Aires through the Weddell Sea in one ship, the *Endurance*, while another ship, the *Aurora*, under Captain Mackintosh, approached the opposite side of the continent from New Zealand through Ross Sea. Mackintosh would then land and advance across the ice-clad mountains towards the Pole, leaving stores for Shackleton on the way.

The party crossing under Shackleton from the Weddell Sea was to number six, with 100 dogs and two motor sledges, and their land journey of 1800 miles was expected to occupy five months. The party meeting them and provisioning the last part of the route would also number six. Other members of the two ships' companies would take journeys from their landing places on either coast, making scientific observations and returning to their ships.

### Nature and Her Might

That was the general scheme of exploration to be carried out by 56 men, chosen out of nearly 5000 volunteers. The ships had been built to face the dangers of frozen seas, and their officers were selected by an experienced, thoughtful, and great-hearted leader; yet they failed.

Nor could the failure be prevented. Success or failure in Antarctic exploration depends on the chance of weather at certain points. It is within the power of Nature to frustrate any attempt to invade her Polar privacy. The means she used against Shackleton

were to close her ice-floes in upon both his ships when they were near the shore, freeze them fast so that they could not escape, and then break off the whole ice-field from the coast and float it away into the open ocean, with the ships gripped by the ice.

### Kidnapped by a Hurricane

The *Aurora* reached her destination and landed her shore party with some of their stores. After she was prepared to winter in the ice by the shore, secured by six steel cables and anchors, a hurricane rushed upon the ship from the land in May, 1915, and, detaching the ice from the coast, drifted it out to sea, bearing the *Aurora* imprisoned in its midst.

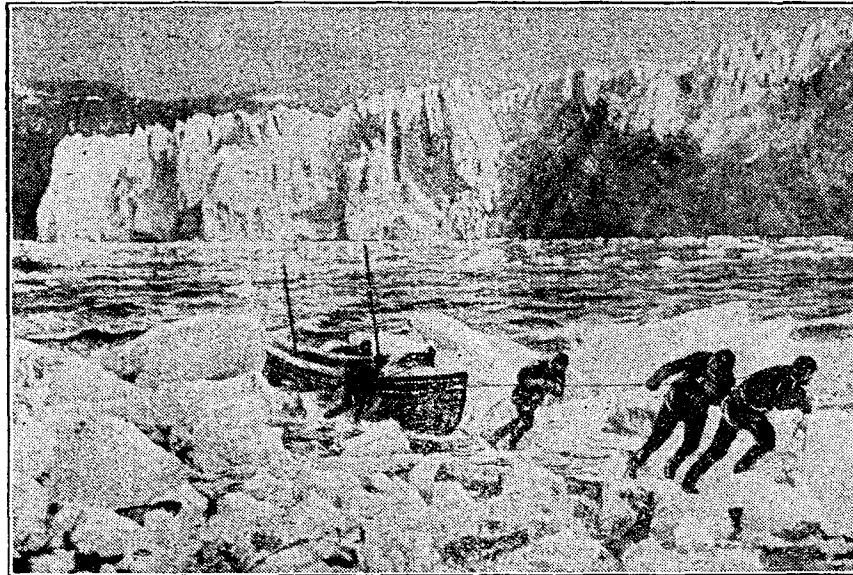
Nor was it till more than nine months later that the *Aurora* got free from the grip of the ice, far away from the party left stranded on the Ross Sea coast. To them she could not return through the ice-pack, and so she steamed towards civilisation; and more than ten months after she had been borne adrift, kidnapped by

was frozen in between the floes and drifted with them, to be released as they cracked into lesser pieces. Sometimes she was in danger of being squeezed between an ice-field and a towering iceberg. But gradually, by steam or by drifting, they drew nearer to their destination—the frozen land beyond the frozen sea.

### The Ice that Never Broke

As they made their way slowly forward they had much to do, landing on the great floes to kill seals and penguins for food; taking soundings to find the depth of the seas they were traversing; bringing up fragments of the far-down sea bed; and studying the directions of the drift of the ice-fields, for always these great expanses of ice were moving hither and thither, sometimes grinding against each other and piling up broken ice.

At last they came within sight of the land on which they hoped to begin their journey after safely settling their ship by the shore; but, unlike the



Shackleton and his party, after their long and thrilling voyage of 800 miles in an open boat, find themselves too weak to pull the boat ashore at South Georgia

ice and hurricane, her gallant commander, Lieutenant Stenhouse, was able to report to New Zealand by wireless of his ship's marvellous escape, and of the lonely state of the shore party left on the icy edge of the southern continent.

### Jig-Saw of Icebergs

Just at the time when Shackleton was leaving England in the *Endurance*, war was declared, and the whole of his ship's company instantly volunteered to stay and fight; but the Admiralty wired back the single word "Proceed." Even the war was not allowed to stop this brave attempt.

Presently they found themselves in the midst of the ice-floes and icebergs of the Weddell Sea, slowly forcing their way. A vivid description is given in this book of the ice-covered southern ocean. Huge fields of ice were outspread everywhere like a jig-saw puzzle, with narrower or wider lanes of open water between the drifting ice-fields. Sometimes the *Endurance* was steaming slowly through a narrow channel with an ice-field on either side.

Sometimes her bows were driven against ice up to two feet thick, to open out a great crack in front, which the sea currents would widen till the sturdy ship could creep along the opened channel. Sometimes she

landing party of the *Aurora* on the other side of the continent, they were never able to land. Before that became possible the *Endurance* was frozen firmly in the ice, which, with the ship embedded in its midst, began to drift way from the hoped-for land. Like the *Aurora*, the *Endurance* was caught and held, and all they could do was to wait until the ice broke up and released them. And this it never did. The winter winds that sometimes break up ice-fields would not come.

### Life in a Blizzard

So strong was the ice that they treated it as if it had been land, erecting observation posts on it, exercising the dogs in the sledges, building ice pillars all round the ship at a distance, and connecting them by a steel wire, so that in blinding snow blizzards men could find their way home to the ship.

Now they could not hope for a change until the spring thaw set in, and when it came their position was still worse. The great ice-fields began to grind each other, with the danger that they would catch the *Endurance* between their crunching edges, and crush her to pieces. To be prepared for that time, if it came, they got out her boats and provisioned them, so that in the boat, or on the smaller ice-

floes that would be formed from the shattered ice-fields, they might have another chance of life.

And at last, after the *Endurance* had stubbornly resisted the strains caused by the moving ice in which she was held while she drifted 1500 miles, the fatal time came. Nipped between masses of ice that piled themselves around her, the gallant ship was slowly overwhelmed, and 28 men with 49 dogs and three boats were left on a floating island, far away from all human help.

### Journey on an Ice-Drift

Two more stages, crowded with increasing dangers, followed. First, there was the journey on the drifting floe. It was on November 21 that one of the crew called out to Shackleton, "She's going, boss!" and the *Endurance* sank through the ice into deep water, after being crushed almost out of all likeness to a ship. It was on April 9 that the ice-floe on which they were adrift broke up so small that the 28 men had to take to the three boats in a sea where floating ice masses were constantly jostling each other. All the dogs had now been shot, and the two last teams eaten.

Nothing could now be done but to make for the nearest land. During that terrible journey they toiled for 108 hours, almost on the brink of death, with no sleep at all, and then, after miraculous escapes, were landed, in the last stage of exhaustion, on the barren shores of Elephant Island, 800 miles from all other human beings.

### Heights of Heroism

Leaving Wild, his second in command, in charge of the party sheltering on the rocky shore under an upturned boat, Shackleton, with five picked men, took one of the boats, and set out on an 800 miles' sail through the stormiest sea in the world.

In the story of that voyage this noble book rises to the topmost heights of marvel and heroism. In very truth it reads as if those brave men's lives were shielded by the hand of God.

When they reached the desolate shores of South Georgia, it was on the side of the island remote from the whaling station they were seeking that they found shelter; and Shackleton and two of his men crossed the ice-clothed mountains of the island on foot, where none had ever been before, and staggered into the whaling station in such a desperate plight that the first three human beings they saw fled from them in terror.

### The Spirit of the Book

But now their chief privations were over. The rest of the book is a tale of rescues. Not one of the men who sailed in the *Endurance* was lost, and finally they sailed to the other side of the polar continent and rescued the survivors of the *Aurora* party.

Marvellous as it is as a succession of brave deeds, the best part of this book is the account given of the spirit of the men who endured all with unshaken courage, inspired by their trusted leaders, Shackleton and Wild. We are shown the very utmost that men can dare and bear, and the tale is told with a noble simplicity and a lofty generosity of mind. The book is worthy of the deeds it records, and can more be said? *Photographs on page 12*



## SHOULD BOYS BE ABOLISHED?

### Interview With the Caterpillar

#### A TALK WHILE HE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF

By Our Correspondent in Wonderland

"You mustn't disturb me," said the Caterpillar, laying down its hookah.

"Why not?" I inquired.

"Because," it replied, "I am just getting used to the new leaf I turned over; it takes time to become accustomed to a change so topsy-turvical."

"Do you always turn over a new leaf at this time of the year?" I asked, getting out my camp-stool, sitting down, and taking out my tobacco pouch.

"What's that?" asked the Caterpillar, nodding towards the pouch.

"Baccy," I replied.

"Pray sit down," said the Caterpillar, beaming all over its face.

I explained that I was already seated.

"And make yourself quite comfortable," it added very suavely.

"You are more than kind," I said.

"I think you told me that your pouch contained tobacco?" remarked the Caterpillar, after a pause.

"I did."

"I can now smell it," said the Caterpillar; "the aroma is delicious. I am revelling in the smell. Thank you."

"Not at all," I answered, "I am only too pleased to oblige you."

"Ah," sighed the Caterpillar, looking sorrowfully into its empty hookah, "anybody could tell by the bee-oo-tiful aroma that the new leaf of your tobacco was turned over by a good, gentle, unselfish, generous spirit."

It was unkind to keep the creature any longer in suspense. I turned the new tobacco leaf over to the Caterpillar.

"Ah," it cried, puffing with a very affectionate deliberation, "if only all the bad people in the world would turn over a new leaf, how happy life would be for the rest of us! I was thinking yesterday that perhaps something might be done by turning over a new leaf in my poetry book and composing an entirely new lyric on the question of Boys—the terrible and tragical question which is now afflicting the world."

"Why now more than any other time?" I asked.

"It is the unhappy season of holidays through which we have passed," replied the Caterpillar. "I will read you what I wrote."

Here the creature opened its notebook, drew down its spectacles, and,

"You are old, Father Wilhelm," the young man said;

"In fact, Dad, you're antediluvian; And yet you are ready to bite off my head, While your bark, it is simply Peruvian."

"Ha, ha!" Father Willie replied to his son,

And laughed till he creaked like a slunkiey. And wouldn't you like just to know how it's done?

You talkative, ginger-haired monkey!"

"O PAPA, dear Papa," begged the son, with a sob

Which was heard by the people in Swanage;

"I am hungry and cold, and I can't get a job,

Pray tell me the tale of your nonage."

"MY son," said Ole Bill, "I won't grant your request

Till you've turned a new leaf in your squalor;

Meantime, I observe stains of egg on your breast,

And a sad lot of dirt on your collar."

"DAD! Dad!" cried the boy, in a flood of black tears, "O, forgive those small faults, I importune, And tell me how you, in your earliest years, Found the road to your present good fortune!"

Ole Bill left his chair, and went off like a gun,

Or a submarine crossing the Channel, And after two minutes returned to his son With a toothbrush, a sponge, and a flannel.

"That's all," said the Caterpillar, slipping the mouthpiece of the hookah between its lips. The way in which it looked up to the sky was very touching.

I waited a moment, and then remarked: "You evidently attach considerable importance to cleanliness."

"It's allemorical," said the Caterpillar.

"And what is allemorical?" I asked.

"There is more than one scrubbing-brush," replied the Caterpillar, "and more than one soap. My poem is allemorical. That is to say, it is an allegory with a moral."

I smoked in silence for five minutes.

"Perhaps you will allow me," said the Caterpillar, taking up its notebook and laying down its hookah, "to turn over a new leaf. The poem I will now read carries my theory a step farther."

"I am all ears," I answered:

The creature heaved a great sigh, and, once more adjusting its spectacles, read to me the effusion which follows.

IF I had a son,  
Before he could run

I'd rinse him and scrape him and  
souse him and tub him;

In fact, I would currycomb, vacuum-  
clean, and scr-r-r-rub him,

Both body and mind,  
With every conceivable kind

Of soap,  
Giving him no rope.

But, to save him from fears, sobs,  
groans, sighs, and blushes,

I should employ for my soap the  
hereinafter mentioned brushes:

The scrubbing-brush for cleaning  
muddy floors and grimy stairs,

The ordinary scrubbing-brush com-  
posed of wood and hairs,

I'd scrub the brat with that:

The scrubbing-brush of learning which  
the teacher must employ

To rasp away thickheadedness from  
every human boy,

I'd scrub the pet with that:

The scrubbing-brush of manners,  
which must polish day and night,

To make the least offensive boy even  
a scrap polite,

I'd scrub my love with that:

BUT the scrubbing-brush of goodness  
which alone can shift the stains

Of something worse than egg or jam  
from little heathen brains,

I'd scrub my lamb with that:

I would scrub him, rub him, tub him,  
In the fond and foolish hope

That perhaps my toil might snub him,  
With the aid of endless soap,

Into something less repulsive, less  
more certain to annoy,

Than a careless, selfish, greedy, sulk-  
ing, slouching human boy,

Than a moth-collecting, caterpillar-  
hunting fiendish boy.

The last line seemed to suggest to me  
the true reason of the Caterpillar's un-

mistakable aversion to boys.

"I suppose," said I, "that you  
would look more kindly on the species

if they took no notice of you!"

I laughed at my wit, but alone. The  
world did not laugh with me.

The Caterpillar's voice died away, a  
tear rolled out of its eye, a sigh shook  
it from stern to stern, and it groaned.

## WILD HORSE IN TOWN

### The Fox that Changes Its Coat

#### BATCH OF QUAIN ARRIVALS AT THE ZOO

By Our Zoological Correspondent

London Zoo

An interesting addition to the Zoo is a Mongolian wild horse. This kind of animal was first discovered in 1879, when a single individual was obtained by the late Colonel Prejevalski from Mongolia.

As is generally the case when anything unusual is brought to light, there were plenty of people who were inclined to scoff at the idea of a true wild horse still surviving, suggesting that the animal was merely the descendant of domestic horses that had run wild.

For a number of years nothing more was heard of these horses, but others were obtained in time, some being brought to Paris. Zoologists quickly made the most of the opportunity of inspecting the new arrivals, with the result that they were unanimous in proclaiming the animal a true wild species.

The first wild horses seen in England were twelve colts purchased by the Duke of Bedford in 1901. In appearance these creatures are not unlike Shetland ponies. They are small in stature, somewhat heavily built, have small ears, and their mane is bushy and upstanding.

#### CHANGING THEIR COATS

The arrival of two Arctic foxes fills a long-felt gap, as none have been seen at the Zoo for a considerable time.

These animals are unlike any other fox, their ears being shorter and rounder, and their muzzles less pointed. The soles of their feet are clothed with a covering of woolly hair, which prevents them from slipping about on the ice.

They are further remarkable because they change the colour of their coats. During the summer the fur is usually of a smoky-brown tint, but as winter approaches each hair turns white from the tip to the base, until the animal is eventually clad in a pure white coat.

This change, however, does not always take place, for in more southern parts the animals sometimes remain the same colour throughout the year.

#### HE LOVES THE CROCODILE'S EGGS

Among the new reptiles is a Nile monitor. These creatures are the largest of all lizards, some being twenty feet.

They possess a long tail, a long neck, and a tongue that is forked at the tip and can be withdrawn into a sheath at the base, like that of a serpent.

They are very active, and climb up trees in search of birds' eggs. The Nile monitor is fond of the crocodile's eggs.

#### A BATCH OF VISITORS FROM INDIA

An important collection of Indian animals, including four leopards, two hyenas, an axis deer, a sambar deer, a jungle cat, two muntjacs, a leopard cat, two blackbucks, a nyloghaie, and a number of birds, have been creating much interest of late.

The axis deer is known also as the spotted deer. It is a very beautiful creature, the pure white marks on its body showing up in brilliant relief against its bright chestnut coat. Unlike the majority of deer, which have a spotted coat only when young, this one retains the marks throughout its life.

The sambar is a far less graceful creature, with a dark-brown coat. But it is exceptionally interesting, for the stags, instead of shedding their horns annually, as most deer do, frequently retain their antlers for several years.

The species has been introduced into New Zealand, where it is thriving well.

## THE WEEK IN HISTORY

### MAN WHO WORKED FOR HAPPINESS

#### Hero on the Wrong Side

#### THE GREATEST MEAN MAN

Jan. 18. German Empire proclaimed, Versailles, 1871  
19. James Watt born at Greenock . . . . . 1736  
20. John Howard died at Kherson, Russia . . 1790  
21. Stonewall Jackson born at Clarksburg . . 1824  
22. Francis Bacon born in London . . . . . 1561  
23. Charles Kingsley died at Eversley . . . . 1875  
24. Frederick the Great born at Berlin . . . 1712

#### John Howard

JOHN HOWARD was a plain, earnest man who, in the opinion of the whole world, stands high among reformers seeking to check the cruelty of men, and so promote happiness. He lived and died working to alter the dark and bitter wrongs of the prison system.

Howard was born in London in 1726, the son of a tradesman who left him with independent means, and from his youth he travelled widely. In his thirtieth year, while voyaging to Portugal, he was captured by a French ship and imprisoned at Brest, and what he endured there caused him to devote himself to relieving prisoners everywhere.

His visits to prisons took him all over the British Islands and the greater part of Europe, gathering information and trying to move the hearts of men so that they might alter the terrible conditions under which prisoners lived, pinched by poverty and decimated by disease. While engaged in this merciful work he caught prison fever and died from it at Kherson, in Russia, where a monument stands honouring his memory.

#### Stonewall Jackson

GENERAL Thomas Jonathan Jackson, known best by his nickname "Stonewall," was an American soldier who fought in the great American Civil War on the wrong side, but was so good and staunch that all men, even those he opposed, regarded him with respect.

He was born in the slave State of Virginia, and was trained for the army. His service in the Mexican wars singled him out for generalship when the Civil War on the slavery question began, and he fought with a stubborn courage that won him the name Stonewall.

He had always been kind and helpful to the slaves of his native State, and they rallied round him though he was commanding against the cause of freedom. His statue in Richmond was erected by a negro congregation.

At the close of a terrible battle in which he had been victorious, he was shot by mistake at dusk by his own men.

As a brave man of deep piety and sincerity, Stonewall Jackson was lamented universally, though his early associations led him to fight on the wrong side.

#### Francis Bacon

FRANCIS BACON, commonly but not correctly called Lord Bacon, was a London man, descended from a family of distinction, who became Lord Chancellor by a clever and unscrupulous use of great abilities, and then, when he had gained his ambition, was charged with taking bribes while acting as a judge.

The charge was true, and Bacon was fined, removed, and disgraced. His learning and gifts of mind, associated with weakness of moral character, make him one of the saddest figures in our history.

For Bacon was far more than a clever lawyer. His Essays rank among the masterpieces of English prose. His sketch of The Advancement of Learning, and his unfinished books, in which he aimed at surveying all human knowledge, mark him as a true philosopher, and one of the founders of modern science, who taught men how to think afresh unhampered by the worn-out fashions of the past. But he failed to be a great man, though he was a fine thinker. He had not enough character to keep him upright, and so drooped—a broken reed. He has been called the greatest, wisest, and meanest of men.



# CALMS & STORMS OF WINTER—THE WEATHER WHIRLIGIG ON THE WORLD MAP

**J**ANUARY is the month of winds and storms, and winds, though not now necessary for navigation, are still of importance, for they make weather, and on the weather depends a country's prosperity.

Winds are caused by variations in the pressure of the atmosphere due to differences in temperature and moisture, and to understand them we should study a kettle of water on the fire. As the water nearest to the bottom gets warm, it also gets lighter, and rises, whereupon the colder water rushes in to take its place.

## How the Winds are Caused

So it is with the winds. The air absorbs about seven-tenths of the heat the sun sends, and as the air nearest the earth is warmest, it rises, and cooler air from another part, where the earth has given up less heat, rushes in, and so a wind is caused.

In a general way we notice only the current of air that travels horizontally just above the earth's surface, but sometimes we may look up and see the clouds travelling in the opposite direction, and notice the return current of warmer air. At the place where the warm air rises there is no horizontal movement, and

we say the region is one of calms, or, as sailors call it, doldrums, a word meaning stupid. Though there are no permanent winds in these calm belts there are light winds from time to time.

## Currents of Air and Water

There are two kinds of winds—those fairly regular in direction and force, and those changing with the seasons.

Of the first group, the trade winds are the best known, and they received their name because of their importance to traffic in the days of sailing ships. They blow from the colder regions of the north and south towards the equator; but as the earth is whirling round they get left behind, to some extent, or are deflected, just as, when we try to walk down a railway carriage when it is going round a curve, we are thrown to the side. Instead of blowing due north and south, therefore, the trade winds blow from the north-east and from the south-east. [Though ocean currents are named from the direction *towards* which they are travelling, winds are named from the direction *from* which they blow.]

Over the sea the trade winds blow with great regularity of direction and force, but when they get to land they

are deflected and slowed down in various ways by the irregularities of the surface. We are able to make wind maps because for many years millions of observations have been made in all parts of the world.

To the north of the trade winds in the northern hemisphere, and to the south in the southern hemisphere, there are westerly winds, which are fairly regular. In the south, the westerlies are called the brave west winds, in the manner of the old sailors who used the word brave as meaning strong.

## Pathos of the Winds

Between the westerlies and the trade winds in both hemispheres is a calm belt, called in the north the Horse Latitudes, because in old times, when ships were long becalmed, they often had to throw their horses overboard for want of food. What a pathos there is in these names! The westerly winds are stronger in winter than in summer because the differences of temperature between the equator and the poles are greater then. In addition to the constant winds there are, in the Indian Ocean and China Seas, variable winds known as monsoons, a word meaning season. The enormous elevated land mass of Asia here inter-

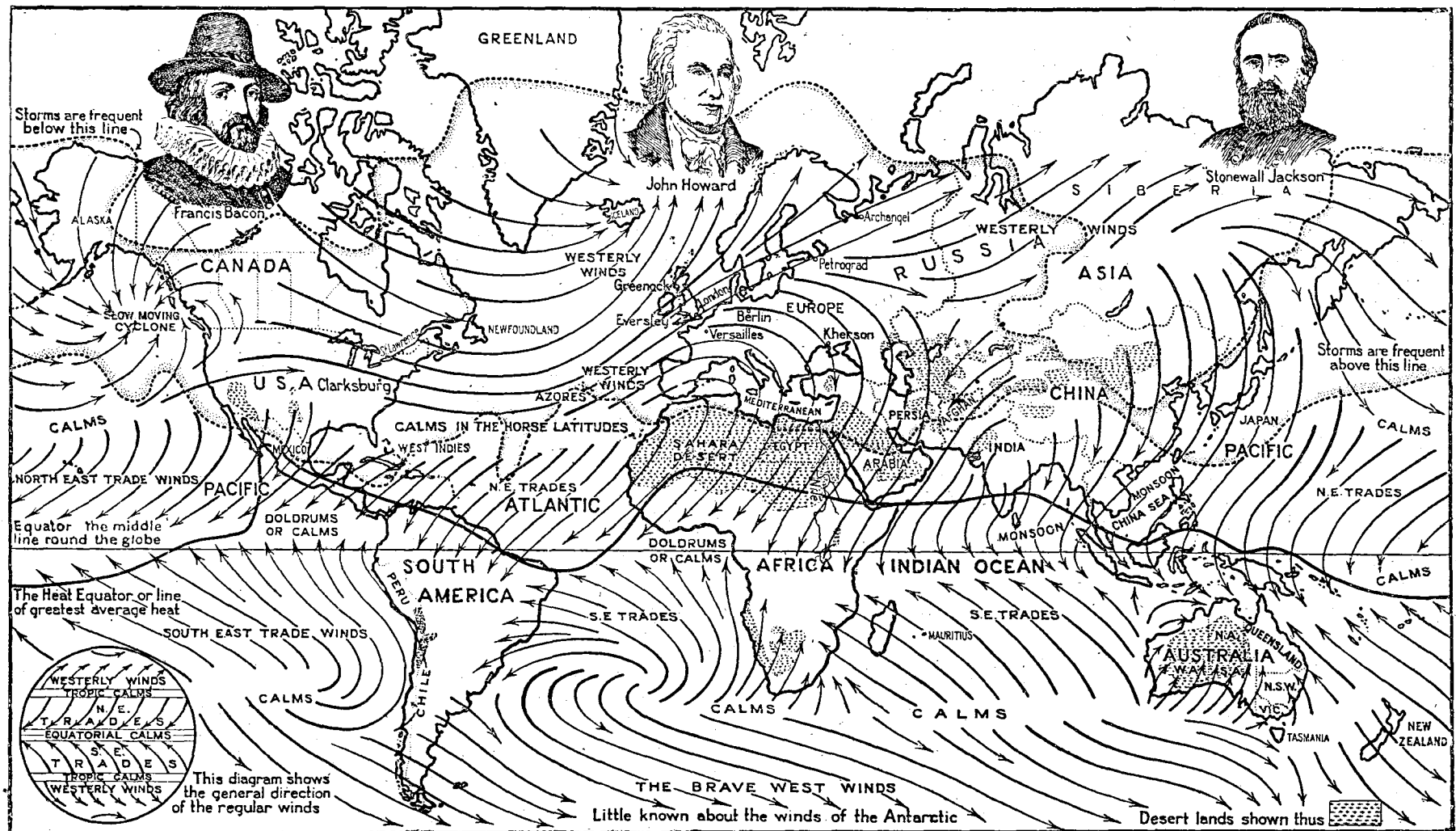
posing causes differences in the summer and winter temperatures that make the winds change their direction.

Just now, as North Australia is hot, the air rises, and cooler air is drawn in from cold Central Asia. In July the process will be reversed.

## Why the Deserts are in Belts

The fearful cyclones of America and the Indian Ocean are caused by a small region developing a low-pressure atmosphere. At once air rushes in from all round, and as the earth's rotation deflects this all in one direction, a whirlpool is set up with disastrous consequences. The cyclones mentioned in weather reports are quite different, being slow whirling movements of westerly winds over large areas.

Knowing the direction of the winds, we can understand why the world's deserts are in two, definite belts, as shown on our World Map. In the northern hemisphere the deserts of Asia, Africa, and America are caused by the dry northerly winds blowing across them and taking up any moisture they have; and in the south the deserts of Australia, South Africa, Chile, and Peru, are caused by the southerly winds



PICTURE-NEWS MAP OF THE WORLD SHOWING HOW THE WINDS BLOW AND MAKE TWO GREAT DESERT BELTS ACROSS THE WORLD

## ESKIMO'S WHITE HOUSE

### Good-bye to the Igloo?

The housing problem has reached the Eskimos on the island sealing stations of the Behring Sea.

The United States Government is said to contemplate building concrete huts to take the place of the igloos, the snow houses in which Eskimos have lived from time immemorial, of which we gave pictures last week.

The snow house is liable to many inconveniences. It melts into dampness if it does not melt away, and it is liable to be blown over by icy hurricanes. Concrete houses would be much better, if only the Eskimos think them better.

## THE TRAFFIC PROBLEM

### A Central Station Unworkable

We gave a week or two ago an outline of the scheme by Mr. A. W. Gattie for centralising the railway goods traffic of London, so that there should be one clearing house instead of 74 goods stations.

A committee of inquiry has now considered the scheme and rejected it, because, though it is ingenious, it would be too costly, would displace a large population, would prove unworkable, and would not make unnecessary the existing goods stations.

The cost would probably run into several hundred millions of pounds.

## TIME-TABLE OF THE SEA

### Predicting the Tides

A new instrument has been invented by a Glasgow firm of engineers by which port authorities can predict tides, and know when big ships can enter a harbour.

Tides, the height to which the sea rises, vary very much, and some method of being able to know their precise movements has long been needed. The new instrument measures the time and extent of the tides, and draws a curve on a revolving drum, showing these details on a chart. The machine makes it possible, with the help of tide measurements taken during previous years, to predict the level of water for any day.

## THE GOLDEN ROCKS

### Sixty Mile Reef in Australia

Whenever there is a rumour that more gold has been found in the earth's crust there is a rush of people towards the place with the hope of becoming rich.

It would not be surprising if there were now a fresh rush to Western Australia, for it is said that a gold-bearing reef of rocks, sixty miles long, has been discovered there.

It is a waterless, unattractive land where the gold is supposed to be, but that will not prevent the gold-seekers from braving the hardships of the search; and much money will be lost in the attempt to get more.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 17 1920

## The Man Who Tried to Save the World

Mr. Wilson's strength is broken, and he cannot resume his place in America's life.

WHEN we look back on the history of the world a few great figures stand out. The countless multitude goes by and their names are forgotten; but a few shine like the stars.

On the roll of these immortals a great name has been written in our time. For a thousand years men will tell the tale of the last thousand days in Europe, and the shining figure through them all will be Woodrow Wilson.

He was the head of the greatest, proudest, richest nation in the world, and the hour came for him to decide whether the peace of America should be broken on that tragic wheel of fate that was breaking Europe. When there was no other way to save mankind he threw America in the scale and turned the tide of victory for the children of liberty who were weary of the war.

His vision splendid, his clear trumpet calls to the sense of duty in the heart of man, his dauntless stand for what is eternally right and not for what is at present convenient, gave hope to just men everywhere. The spirit of Lincoln and Cromwell was in him, and he talked in Paris, it was said, as if he had come straight from Galilee.

He who was guiltless of the war tried to make it all worth while. He tried to save for you and me, and for all who are to come, some priceless jewel from this wreckage of the world. When Militarism was gasping to begin again, he sowed the seed of the League of Nations, the only hope that this world has, the hope that will blossom in fulfilment and become the pride of all mankind when Militarism lies where the Kaiser is.

And then Mr. Wilson went home, to find the powers of evil entrenched in his own land, and once again in the story of the world the prophet was stoned in his own country. The fears and jealousies of some men, the ignorance and doubt of others, set a great barrier in Mr. Wilson's path, and his last fight among his own people has overcome his strength.

He lives on, but his great days are over. The great days of a conqueror they were, and whatever record of them leaps to light he never shall be shamed. We whose strength is left will remember him as long as we have breath, and will set up, as the noblest monument upon the earth, that power for which he gave the strength of his body and mind, the League of Nations.

One sows and others reap, but he who sows good seed shall reap his harvest at the hands of God.

A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London  
above the hidden waters of the ancient River  
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world

Ah!

WE hope it will be a long time before the Prince of Wales is King, but we hope that tale is true of what he will do when he is.

When he was a tiny boy, the story says, he was thinking deeply one day, as a young boy will, and he suddenly said: "When I become King, the first thing I shall do will be to stop sin."

He will find it hard, but when God wants a hard thing done, says Milton, he tells it to his Englishman, and our Prince is truly an Englishman.

## The Poet at the Hunt

MR. FISHER, our splendid Minister of Education, believes in saving minutes. He has just been telling a story of a country squire out hunting who would pull out his little copy of Dante when the hounds slowed down; learn a few lines by heart, and take up the pursuit again.

We would rather he had stayed at home with Dante, but if a man must hunt he is all the better for taking Dante with him.

## The C.N. Goes to Church

MANY of our readers send us note of preachers who take the Children's Newspaper into the pulpit.

We are always glad to go to church. We would warn our wise preachers, however, not to announce that they are going to preach from the Children's Newspaper, or they may have to do what a popular preacher in Philadelphia is doing every Sunday just now, putting up this notice outside his church to keep the people away, "Please come to church only once on Sunday."

Personally, however, we like overcrowded churches better than overcrowded slums.

## Man Cannot Live by Bread Alone

AMONG all the pitiful news that comes from Austria stand out those ancient, solemn words, "Man cannot live by bread alone."

For what is the most remarkable fact about Austria at this moment? It is that the one wealth she has to save her from perishing is her works of art. By selling two pictures only she could buy bread until the next harvest comes.

That is a wondrous thing. We do well to love beautiful things, to put up great statues in our streets, to set up noble buildings, to fill our galleries with lovely pictures, for of such things are the realms of gold.

The most splendid city in Europe was Vienna, with treasure piled on treasure, with a pride in her art that few cities could rival; and in this dark hour when all else fails her—when princes and principalities and powers and pleasures are gone—the beautiful things her artists made are the only things she can sell for bread.

Our poet Keats was right. *A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.*

## John Joyce of Datchet

THERE was the stuff that England is made of in an Englishman who died the other day.

He was driving a loaded cart for his master when he fell off the shafts into the roadway, where he lay dying when assistance came. He could only speak a word or two as they carried him off to die, and what he said was: "Look after the stuff on the cart."

Now he is with Jack Cornwell wherever heroes go, and we gladly send his name into every school in the United Kingdom. He was John Joyce, of Datchet in Berkshire.

## Tip-Cat

A NEWS heading announces "German dyes for Britain." This is an attempt to hoist the German colours again.

Who toils not, neither does he spin? The man at the top.

Sir Albert Stanley describes London as "the greatest city on wheels." So something should be on the turn.

For uncle's wife: The ante-room.

When Parliament meets, a new Milk Bill is to be introduced. This will worry people who can't afford even to pay the old one.

They are complaining that many museums are still occupied by War Office officials. But what are museums for?

Mr. Lloyd George tells us "there is no Russia." Then why so much ado about nothing?

A put-up job: The housing scheme.

One ton of coal in the shed is worth nine in the mines.

We are told we must set Central Europe on its feet. It has no heads left to stand on.

## We Should Like to Know

WHY the non-stop trains on the Underground stop at all stations.

## Young for Ever

THANKS be to that good friend of ours who says that not merely children, but mothers and old men, are richer and wiser for the Children's Newspaper, and who hopes we may live through many New Years, but may never grow up. "I wish you perennial childhood," he says; and so do we. When we grow old we shall die.

## A Prayer for the Honest Life

I pray not that  
Men tremble at  
My power of place  
And lordly sway;  
I only pray for simple grace  
To look my neighbour in the face  
Full honestly from day to day.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY



## Londonettes

By a Country Girl

THE shop window was filled with tortoiseshell and gold fittings for the dressing-case.

Electric light blazed on the display of luxury like a vulgar halo. One or two fur-clad women stared at it almost with awe. Presently came two workmen.

"Well," said one, after a prolonged scrutiny, "I don't know what to give my old woman for her birthday, but I don't see anything I fancy here."

WE were packed like sardines in the Underground lift, and when a lady said "John!" to a decrepit old gentleman, the boy in front started and turned.

He blushed, but the old gentleman laughed at his confusion, and the boy grinned. As we descended he kept stealing a glance, smiling, and looking away, while the old gentleman beamed.

The boy who shared his name was small, pale, ragged, ugly, and jolly all at once. He looked as if he would be the hero of his brothers and sisters, and his mother's right hand. On his shoulder he carried a huge bale, and I felt he was proud of it, proud of being a wage-earner and a man of the world.

The old gentleman put his hand in his pocket, and I became excited. Would it be sixpence? I could imagine the sweets the boy would take home, or the sickness he would get from cigarettes; or the tremendous moments he would have at the pictures, when suddenly—you remember the fable of the dairymaid who counted her chickens when they were still breakable eggs . . . ?

*The lift stopped with a sudden bump, the boy staggered, and the bale pitched on to the old gentleman's toes . . .*

IN one of the narrowest side turnings out of Piccadilly I saw a shabby little boy, about six, who was running along singing to himself, and quite lost in his play. You could see he was an Arab chief or a Red Indian as he splashed through the puddles.

I stood watching, and he was some way from me when I saw a telegraph messenger-girl approaching him, and, almost at the same time, a taxi-cab swung round the corner behind him.

The girl messenger sprang forward, seized the child, and held him back against the wall. As soon as the car was gone he wriggled from her grasp, and resumed his game.

The girl walked on, replying to my glance with a smile, and saying: "Thinks he's the Lord Mayor, he does! Wants the whole road to himself!"

IN London you are always catching snatches of drama as you walk through the streets, odds-and-ends that make you want to hear the whole play, and know the history of the actors.

Late at night I saw two men "having a row," and several men listening to them; for in London people gather to a "row" as in the country fowls gather to the rattle of the corn-bin lid.

As I passed I saw that one of the two men, who did not look like a gentleman, was very prosperously dressed. The other, who was standing in the gutter, had a back so bent as to appear deformed, and he was shrunken and old and shabby. Under his arm he carried a violin.

On his head he wore a skull cap. I heard him say, looking very earnestly up at the other, "Well, I know I'm poor; but I'd rather be afflicted with poverty than with ignorance!"



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW  
Where the Old Year  
has gone to



## PARIS BESIEGED BY A RIVER

### SEINE OUT OF BOUNDS

#### The Friendly Waters that Become a Raging Flood

#### ENEMY OF A CITY'S LIFE

The old saying that a good servant may make a bad master is once more proved by the conduct of the Seine in and about Paris.

The French capital owes its rise and splendour to the river, half Paris standing on one bank and half on the other. All goes well so long as the Seine is peaceful and contained within bounds, and that is true of the river for age after age—with terrible exceptions. The winter of 1910 was one exception; the present winter is another.

The long-continued rains of December burst the springs and overflowed the streams which combine to make the mighty river. The waters which swirl through Paris have travelled and accumulated over a distance of 370 miles, and have a further journey of 110 miles before they rush into the Channel.

#### Bridges as Barriers

Every spring the watercourses that send their store to the Seine are terribly increased in volume, and the great river becomes unmanageable, a menace to life and property, an angry torrent demanding freedom to expand and overflow in all directions.

And that is just what must be denied a river flowing through a great city. A margin of safety is left to accommodate rapid rises during flood-time. Embankments are built to contain the current, and these succeed year after year in achieving their purpose—but not in years like 1920.

A great river, if it cannot spread outwards and overflow its banks, must rise high and higher, and the result is that traffic cannot pass under the bridges; the river in flood becomes as impassable as a roadway which has been torn up. The Seine is spanned by 28 such bridges in Paris, and under these pass vessels bringing the French their coal, food, and other stores.

#### Servant Becomes a Tyrant

During the early days of this year the Seine has been rapidly rising, and the flooded river has passed from the rôle of disciplined servant to that of an unruly tyrant. It besieged the city like an army. It burst the sewers, sapped the foundations of roads and buildings, flooded the electric power and gas works, and behaved in its turbulent, insatiable way like an organised human enemy.

In two days the Seine rose over three feet. Cellars were flooded, and some families abandoned their houses, while others retired to the upper floors. In one of the suburbs of Paris the water was rising so high as this paper went to press that half the town was menaced; in another suburb families were rescued from their submerged homes and housed in the schools.

#### The Neglected Warning

The danger recurs from time to time, but nothing has been done to check the recurrence of this grave peril.

Each flood brings in its train great schemes for the city's defence, but the warning of 1910 produced no effectual result, and the war drained French resources dry. The money that France had to spend in a month on war might make the Seine safe for a century; but, alas! the money is gone, and the Seine is there, untamed, flaunting and frightful, rising at times an inch an hour, and threatening the capital with deadly perils.

## BLIND MAN'S FEAT

### Beating a Man who Could See

It is well known that men who have lost the use of one natural power often develop special keenness in another, and everybody knows that blind men have generally a very keen sense of hearing.

There is a blind man in Cambridge who can tell whether he is passing a house or a shop, or a hoarding or a space, as he walks along the street, and who, on a dark night not long ago, astonished his friends, who could not see it, by telling them that a door was open on the other side of the road. The door was open.

Now an odd story is told by a member of parliament in Canada, Mr. Harris Turner, who guarantees the truth of it. He says that a blind man named Ross was out shooting wild geese with a friend. The friend could not see the bird, and the blind man took the gun, aimed from sound, and brought it down.

## A LABOUR PEACE

### Good News for Engineering

A chapter of trouble that has struck at the heart of one of our greatest industries has been happily closed. It was the strike of the moulders.

Fifty thousand moulders had been idle for months, and had stopped the work of 100,000 men in engineering, and held up important work all over the country. If a man went into an iron-monger's shop there was something that could not be supplied because the moulders were on strike. If a part of a motor car broke, a new part could not be got because of the strike. We see and hear very little of the moulder, but his work is very important and is at the foundation of nearly all machinery.

The fact that the strike has been happily settled is very good news, coming as a welcome New Year's gift to British industry.

## COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO



It is said that the Kaiser has appealed to the President of Peru for permission to go out and start a farm there. So he may really rule the roost at last

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

Ten foxes were seen together in one field in Devonshire not long ago.

In Russia, during 1918, over a million and a half people died of typhus.

#### Furs from Japan

Japan has just imported some live foxes from Alaska, in order to found a fur industry.

#### London Bursting its Sides

So great is the demand for office room in London that a firm is paying £220 a year rent for a wooden hut standing in a building site.

#### Cow that Stole a Purse

A purse containing coins and stamps, lost by a girl at a school treat last summer, has just been found by a butcher in a cow's stomach.

#### London by the Sea

An advertiser in a London paper asked for a cottage near the sea, "within twenty miles of London." The mouth of the Thames is 35 miles away from London.

A Ramsgate boy has not missed an attendance at school for eight years.

A statue made of Cornish tin is to be erected at Bodmin as a war memorial.

#### Irish Emigration Stopping

In 1913 there were 30,967 emigrants from Ireland to other countries, but in 1918 the number had dropped to 980.

#### A Hawk Over St. Paul's

A sparrowhawk was seen hovering over Bow Church in London recently, and afterwards flew up Cheapside to St. Paul's Cathedral.

#### Millions for the Workers

Mr. Ford, the motor-car manufacturer, has just stated that he will distribute two million pounds a year in bonuses to his workers in America.

#### New Lighthouse for London

An aerial lighthouse has just been erected at Hounslow Air Station, with a light of 70,000 candle-power. Some lighthouses on the South Coast have lights of 30 million candle-power.

## WHY WE SING IN THE BATHROOM

### ODD THINGS ABOUT SOUND

#### How the Music Crept from the Cellar to the Lecture Hall

#### UP THE ROD INTO THE HAT

If Thomas Carlyle could have lived to hear Professor W. H. Bragg, a great physicist, lecture at the Royal Institution to crowds of youngsters during the New Year holidays, he would have gone away a wiser, if not a gladder, man. Carlyle hated noise. He built himself a "sound-proof" room at the top of his house, which was a great success in all but one detail: it was not sound-proof!

Sound is hard to deaden, anywhere, anyhow. It is loud in what we call the silence of the forest; it was loud and treacherous when our men at the front most needed quiet for their movements.

#### Tyndall's Old Instruments

One of the strangest things about sound is the way in which it can be made to reveal itself far from the place of origin. Two floors beneath the professor's lecture-table lies the cellar of the Institution, and in the cellar a musical-box was playing. Not a note could be heard in the hall until Mr. Bragg thrust a long rod through the floor down into the cellar. And even then nothing happened. But as soon as he placed a hat, a tea-tray, or a violin, on the top of the rod—as a sounding board—the notes of the musical-box rang out in the hall.

For this lecture Mr. Bragg had been through the Royal Institution cupboards, and brought out old instruments made for Professor Tyndall, when that great man lectured in the same hall.

As music was played in the cellar the vibrations travelled along the rods and caused harps to give forth melody in response. Music without hands it seemed to those who heard.

#### The Jumping Flame

Professor Bragg might make a fortune from his phantom music were he to play it in some temple of the credulous East. And how he would puzzle the uninitiated with his time-honoured trick of making a bell in a glass sound loudly when rung, and then become silent on the withdrawal of air from the glass!

Sound is carried by air-waves, and there can be no sound in a vacuum. Give it air, and sound can do amazing things, as when the professor made it travel from a vibrating tuning-fork through a box, a bottle-stopper of rubber, and a mixture of vaseline.

The ear is a marvellous living instrument for collecting and interpreting air-waves carrying sound, but Professor Bragg showed that a gas flame is extremely sensitive, jumping and ducking in response to various noises; leaping up at the high notes formed by the pronunciation of a word containing the letter S, and soaring valiantly in response to the blast of a high whistle.

#### Singing in the Bathroom

One of the most interesting points Professor Bragg dealt with was the homely question of singing in the bathroom. Who does not love to sing at his morning bath? The professor declares that there is a scientific explanation of this habit, which arises largely from the fact that in a bathroom, generally bare of furniture and draperies, sound is easily reflected, and there is a great deal of resonance. That, he says, is why so many people want to sing in the bathroom, though they are not so inspired when they get back to their bedroom.

Talking of sound in a public building, the professor explained that a good way to test the acoustics of a hall is to clap your hands and count how many seconds the sound lasts. Sometimes it may be five or six seconds, and, if so, the hall is no use for public speaking. In a good hall for speaking, the sound of the clapping should not last more than three seconds. Wires stretched across a hall make no difference.



## WOMEN WIN THEIR PLACES

### Conquering All Obstacles

#### ON THE WAY TO BEING JUDGES

Every month, in some fresh way, women are winning a right to be regarded as equals of men in brain power.

First, they showed in the war that they were as true as men in the love of their country and in their self-sacrificing helpfulness. When they were placed where the call to die reached them, they died as bravely as men.

Then they were given the deep responsibility of voting for their country's welfare.

Now one of them has taken her seat in Parliament. And, as it would be absurd for them to make laws which they could not help to carry out, six of them have been chosen as magistrates.

But if they can make laws as members of Parliament, and decide cases as magistrates, surely they ought to be able also to argue the rights and wrongs of cases as lawyers.

So the last step forward that they have made is to be admitted into training as lawyers—as barristers who argue, and solicitors who give advice and prepare cases—and one of the last of the pretences that women are the "weaker sex" has been dispelled.

They are now starting on the way to be judges—the most grave of all duties.

### His Son was Killed in the War A Story in Seven Words

In the paper the other day there was recorded the death of a well-known clergyman, the notice concluding with these words: "He leaves three daughters; his son was killed in the War."

How quickly those last seven words were written; how quickly they were set up by the compositor; how quickly printed and borne away to all parts of the Kingdom; how quickly read!

His son, his only son, was killed in the War.

Was there ever so quick an abbreviation of tragedy?

You can imagine the little rectory household twenty years ago: the good clergyman, his devoted wife, three pretty girls, and one gallant, sturdy boy, the pride of them all, the joy of the home, the hope of their future.

How much would depend on him when the father was taken!

Not only would the family name be in his keeping, but he would have to take care of his sisters and his mother.

You can see how the whole family would toil to form his character and to give him an enthusiasm for work of the right kind. They would save money for his education. They would praise him like anything when he brought home a prize. They would spur him on to win a scholarship for Oxford or Cambridge.

And then came the War.

The boy had reached manhood. He had fulfilled all the dreams of his father and mother, all the hopes of his three sisters. He was a good Englishman. But this War—this horrible, wicked War!

He goes. Months of agony; months of prayer; and then . . . the telegram is brought to the rectory.

And the old father bows his head and pines away and goes out into the darkness to seek for his son.

You boys who read these words are that soldier's younger brothers. Do what he would have done in the world if he had not been "killed in the War."

## LIFE IN THE OLD LEAD MINES

### Opening Up Ancient Trades

One of the oldest industries in England is the lead-mining of Derbyshire.

Abandoned lead mines are to be found over a large part of North-west Derbyshire. They have been abandoned because the low price of lead would not pay the cost of following the track of the lead through the hillsides.

But lead ore, which could be bought for £14 a ton before the war, is now selling for £44 a ton, and at that price the old mines could be cleared of water and worked again at a profit. So the miners are about to re-open some of the old workings.

The manner of working a lead mine is quite different from all other forms of mining. It is carried on by rules made centuries ago. The miners work on a share system, receiving a fixed proportion of the value of the lead they recover.

A government official, called "the barmaster," sees fair-play.

### A CHILD'S ESCAPE

#### "Knocking the Train Down"

A correspondent sends us a story of a wonderful escape from death of a little girl about two years old, which happened recently in Norfolk.

A passenger train was approaching a level crossing with a gate-house beside it when the driver noticed a small child on the side of the line most distant from the house; and it struck him that the child might try to run back across the line to the house, and be killed. So he put on his brakes to stop, if possible, before reaching the house.

It was not possible; and the little mite did try to run back. The train was pulled up, but the engine and half the carriages had passed over the child.

The little, unconscious form was lifted tenderly from under the train and found to be but slightly hurt; and now the little soul is as well as ever, and happily has not been much frightened, for she has language enough to tell people, gravely, that she "knocked the train down."

### FLOWERS SHAKESPEARE LOVED

#### A New Old Garden in Stratford

Very wisely, the people who honour Shakespeare in his birthplace and death-place, Stratford-on-Avon, are making the garden of his house a beautiful place by planting in it the English flowers he loved and described.

As a country-born lad, Shakespeare noticed everything beautiful around him. His plays give many little glimpses of the flowers he knew—daffodils, and violets dim, rosemary for remembrance, the wild thyme, and many more.

Is it not a good thought to bring them all together in the fine old garden close by the church where he lies?

### THE GREAT HUMAN HEART Many People are Very Kind

Great numbers of people have very kind hearts. In nothing has that been shown more clearly than in the splendid support given voluntarily to the noble Red Cross service during the war.

The accounts have now been added up, and they show that the sums given to the wounded through the Red Cross amounted to the enormous sum of £16,121,939. Besides this there were Government receipts, interest, and so on, which brought up the total to nearly £19,000,000.

This was human kindness put into the form of cash, but even more splendid was the vast total of personal work given gladly by women and men, year after year, without a murmur.

Who can say, after this overflow of gifts, that the human heart is not brimming with kindness for those who suffer?

## COMPANIONS OF THE SUN

### The Little Dog of the Sky

#### TRAVELLING A MILLION MILES A DAY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The dark moonless nights of next week will afford an opportunity of finding Procyon, the chief star of the constellation of the Little Dog, or Canis Minor.

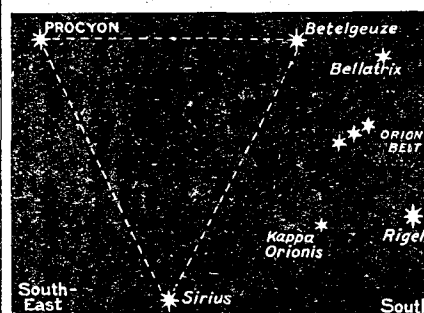
Sirius, the beautiful star of the Great Dog—Canis Major—and Betelgeuze, the bright red star of Orion, will enable us to pick out the brilliant Procyon from the number of other bright stars in the eastern sky. He is almost due east of Betelgeuze, and with Sirius he forms a great triangle of bright stars, as shown in our diagram. We must not, however, mistake the lustrous Jupiter for Procyon, for he is as far to the east of Procyon as Procyon is from Betelgeuze.

Sirius and Procyon, which have many features in common, are almost companion suns to a third, which is our own Sun. They are much nearer to each other than to any other sun but ours.

#### Distant Sun's Fiery Planet

To realise this let us add to the imaginary model we constructed last week, in which Sirius was a two-inch ball placed 760 miles from us in the South of France, while our Sun was but a one-inch ball only 9 feet 2 inches away from the Earth.

Now, Procyon would be represented by a ball about an inch and a half across in proportion, so, to place him in his proper position in relation to our Sun ball and Sirius ball, and supposing the



Where to Look for Procyon

Sirius ball were placed somewhere near Marseilles, we should have to take our model Procyon ball on to about as far as Rome, when, at a little over 900 miles away, our 1½ inch ball will represent the great sun Procyon. So we calculate that for every inch our great Sun is away from us, Procyon is a hundred miles.

We should have to go three times as far as Rome to place a model of the next nearest star in that side of the heavens, and that would be Aldebaran. All the others would be far beyond.

It will be remembered that Sirius has a fiery world revolving round him, and so has Procyon—a world about half the size of our Sun. It is believed to revolve round Procyon once in 40 years, and it is known to be a giant planet only visible in most powerful telescopes.

#### Three Miles Nearer Every Second

Though fiery, it has cooled down so much that its total light, including the light it reflects from Procyon, is only a twenty-thousandth part of the light our Sun emits, though Procyon himself is three times as bright as our Sun; in fact, in point of age, he is about midway between the bright and youthful Sirius and our somewhat advanced orb of day.

Procyon is approaching us, as Sirius is, but so obliquely that he is only three miles nearer every second compared with the nine miles of Sirius. They are both travelling across the sky in a south-westerly direction, Procyon at 12 miles a second and Sirius at 10; but, though Procyon travels over a million miles in a day, it will take him 60,000 years to get where Kappa Orionis, at the south-east corner of Orion, appears to be now.

G. F. M.

## THE GOLD TRAIN

### Shunting in Siberia

One of the strangest things heard of through the Great War is that in these days, when the world is in desperate need of gold, a train-load of gold is being drawn backward and forward on the great Siberian railway.

It is the gold of the Russian Treasury, and Admiral Koltchak is said to be trying to keep it safe.

The nations with large armies used to store much gold in preparation for war. Germany and Russia did so.

When Russia began to fail, in the war, the gold was sent away eastward for safety, and Koltchak, as commander of the most eastward army, took charge of it. Now he is being driven farther and farther eastward, and his army would perhaps be broken up if the Japanese did not help him. But all this gold, £65,000,000 it is thought, is being shunted hither and thither with his retreating army, while Russia owes Great Britain about ten times as much.

### DOCTOR OF GREAT RENOWN

#### Man of Fifteen Universities

All doctors are grieving because of the death of one of the greatest men in their profession, Sir William Osler.

He was a man of whom all should know, for he was a teacher of doctors.

Best of all, he was the kind of man who inspires others, giving them lofty ideas of the good they can do.

He was born in Canada, where, after being educated in all the chief countries, he became a university professor of medicine. Later, he passed on to an American University, and then came to Oxford. He wrote a great book on the principles of medicine which all wise doctors read. He was made a doctor by fifteen universities.

And he more than deserved all these honours, because, besides his learning, he was a noble-hearted man, whose influence over other men was very great.

### ARMY STEALS 26,000 DOGS

#### France's Little Bill for Germany

A part of the bill which the French are sending to the Germans for things stolen during the war is for 26,000 dogs.

North-eastern France is noted for valuable dogs; and as the Germans advanced they seized all they could.

The valuable dogs of good pedigree were given to superior German officers. The Crown Prince, Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, and General von Kluck, all had some, so that no one can say the thefts were not known in high quarters. Dogs that could be trained for war service were distributed to the German army, and these fine dogs of France were turned against the land which bred them.

Many of the French dog-owners know who had their dogs, and have a good idea of what they were worth, so the bill for them is being forwarded to the German nation, and by the terms of the Treaty of Peace it must be paid.

#### SAVED FROM AN AVALANCHE

The popular Swiss health resort of Davos, inhabited largely by invalids taking the open-air cure, has been swept, as we saw last week, by an avalanche, and the people are now discussing their marvellous escapes.

Here are two instances showing how strangely the rolling masses of snow just missed young and old.

The door of a room in one house was wrenched off its hinges and flung into a corner of the room in front of a child who was crouching there. The whole room was filled with the snow except the corner where the door sheltered the child.

In another house, where a patient was in bed, the snow flung open the bedroom door, and passed through the room to the window, leaving the bed untouched.



## LIFE BUSY IN THE PONDS

### A Clever Snail that Foils Its Foe

#### OUR FRIEND THE CENTIPEDE

By our Country Correspondent

While waiting for the spring to break, we may still explore the life of pond and stream. Here there is no sleep or cessation of activity, and a collection of fresh water molluscs for the home aquarium is always interesting and easy to make.

A mollusc very common in some parts is the ram's horn coil shell, a member of the Planorbis family, whose English name well describes its appearance. It is the largest of its kind, being about an inch in diameter, and the shell is a yellowish or reddish brown, though specimens have been found which are perfectly white.

#### Hiding Behind a Screen

Young specimens have a mossy film of outer skin over the shell, but the older ones are glossy. If the creature is irritated it often discharges a quantity of red fluid; and the idea is, no doubt, the same as when the cuttle-fish pours out its inky fluid in the sea to conceal its position, and give it an opportunity of escaping. It is a kind of smoke screen.

Another interesting specimen to look for is the common pond snail, which also is among the largest members of its family. It will be found in stagnant pools, and on sunny days, at this time of the year, may be seen floating with inverted shell at the surface of the water. A muscular movement of the foot can be discerned as the creature creeps along on the surface film of the water.

#### Pond Snail's Curious Habit

The pond snail is, however, very sluggish in its habits, and you will generally find its shell encrusted with a deposit of vegetable and mineral matter. Like the coil shell, if annoyed it discharges a coloured fluid, in this case violet, to disconcert its enemy. It is common in England, Scotland, and Ireland, but has never been taken in Wales.

A good many foolish people kill centipedes whenever they come across them, which is pretty often if they turn over stones or pieces of wood that have been lying in dark and damp places. It is stupid to kill these creatures, for, though they may look fearsome, they are quite harmless to human beings, and do a great deal of good in the garden by living upon snails, slugs, and the grubs of insects that spoil our plants.

#### Centipede with Thirty Feet

Its name is misleading, for the centipede has not a hundred feet, but only fifteen pairs. When born it has only seven pairs, and acquires the other eight pairs later. While it is harmless to human beings, its venom may well make creatures nearer its own size alarmed, for if you have ever seen it bite a fly you will notice that death is instantaneous.

Down by the seashore there is always something interesting to be picked up, even in January. After storms the beach is strewn with specimens, among which the five-fingered starfish is very common. The upper surface is covered with more or less spiny plates and bosses arranged in a pattern, but the underside is soft and has numerous sucker feet by which the starfish is able to propel itself.

Flowers are beginning to speak of spring, for furze and mezerion are in blossom, and the pale perfoliate honeysuckle is putting out its leaves. C. R.

#### A COMB THAT CUTS HAIR

The safety razor so far has had no interest for children, but a new comb, fitted with a pair of safety blades somewhat similar, has been invented by Mr. C. L. Neil, with which parents can, it is said, cut their children's hair—or their own, indeed! The cutting blades are adjusted, and the hair combed, when it becomes automatically cut!

## HAROLD BEGBIE'S SONG FOR BOYS

The Gladdest Land Beneath the Sun

THE gladdest land beneath the sun is the land that gave us birth: England, flower of the flock that crowds the lap of her mother, Earth!

England, the land of smiling hills, gay cliffs, and laughing moors; England, the land of the cheerful home and the playful out-of-doors.

She's good when the sun is on her fields and all's sweet blue beyond,

Fine when the skates of Winter ring their chimes from dyke to pond,

Dear when the bright green breath of Spring shines out from her April leaves,

And grand when the Autumn waggon comes for the load of her golden sheaves.

*RADIANT home of Freedom, splendid in the past,  
Glorious in the future if your sons hold fast,  
Happy, laughing England, valiant, gentle, true,  
Let me die in bitter shame if I prove false to you.*

IT'S fine to know our little land was ever the first to lead

On Freedom's road in every cause that has served the whole world's need;

Fine that her name is known and loved for justice, mercy, truth, Wherever her flag has gone with her games in the strong right hand of youth;

It's fine to think that the greatest man of all mankind but one Was born in the fields where Avon flows and England called him son:

And it's fine to know that with all her love of the frolic glee of life

She has kept to the path where Duty walks in the winds and rains of strife.

*GALLANT home of Freedom, noble in the past,  
Nobler in the future if your sons hold fast,  
Sturdy, kindly England, valiant, gentle, true,  
Let me die in bitter shame if I prove false to you.*

I'M proud of the name with which I go through earth to the life to be,

A son of the land that first taught man his sacred right to be free, But prouder far that my Motherland is first of all lands in fame. For justice wide as her mighty power and for love of a fair-played game;

And when I look at the English flag aloft on some old grey tower, I laugh with a joy like the flash of the sun thro' a golden April shower.

I laugh and I cry and my body thrills: I am one of England's sons!

Laughter and tears are a hymn, a prayer, and this is the way it runs:

*SACRED land of England, holy in the past,  
Holier in the future if your sons hold fast,  
Love of you shall keep me steady, gentle, true,  
Let me die in bitter shame if I prove false to you.*

## NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is Nature's time-table next week, given for London from January 18.

## Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	Sunday	Thursday	Saturday
Sunrise	8.0 a.m.	7.55 a.m.	7.53 a.m.
Sunset	4.21 p.m.	4.28 p.m.	4.31 p.m.
Moonrise	5.43 a.m.	8.2 a.m.	8.48 a.m.
Moonset	2.9 p.m.	6.22 p.m.	8.43 p.m.
High Tide	12.23 p.m.	3.2 p.m.	4.11 p.m.

Next  
Week's  
Moon



## NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Tie up endive for blanching successfully, and protect from frost. Protect a portion of parsley from frost; make a new sowing in a sheltered situation.

Jerusalem artichokes may be taken up and housed, and a new plantation made in a spare corner.

If the weather is likely to be severe, take up broccoli that are nearly fit for use, and store in a cellar.

## ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Le charpen- Le gâteau La carte-pos-  
tier tale

Le charpentier scie un morceau de bois. Marie aura du gâteau pour sa fête. J'ai reçu trois cartes-postales ce matin.

## ELLE ÉTAIT SOURDE

Dans un ravissant cottage du village de X. demeurait une brave femme, la Mère Martin. Elle était très âgée, très sourde et presque aveugle.

Or, un beau matin, le village fut tiré de sa somnolence habituelle par un vacarme épouvantable provenant indubitablement du cottage de la bonne femme. On se précipita, croyant à un assassinat. Mais c'était tout bonnement la Mère Martin qui, les deux pieds posés sur la queue du chat, frappait à tour de bras sur sa marmite, la prenant pour un gros morceau de charbon qu'elle voulait briser.

## WIRELESS

### Can We Send the Waves to Mars?

#### WIRELESS POWER FOR MOTOR-CARS

By Our Marconi House Correspondent

The Government has now partially withdrawn the restrictions which prevented people from practising wireless as a hobby. British citizens may now obtain permission to put up aerials in their gardens, and receive wireless signals.

It is a most fascinating hobby, quite within the power of the ordinary bright schoolboy.

Dr. A. M. Low, lecturing on what he called the "horrors of the motor-car," demonstrated the control of a motor-car by wireless, and prophesied that one day we shall be carried by vehicles controlled by wireless worked from a central generating station.

#### London's Tangled Traffic

The remote control of mechanism by wireless does not, even at the present time, offer much difficulty; but the control of a vehicle such as a taxi in and out of the traffic of a London street is a problem which has very little in common with the parlour tricks of which we hear from time to time, in which toys are caused to perform evolutions on a table.

The question whether we can wireless to another planet comes up smiling as regularly as that of the existence of the sea-serpent, and most people seem to read into it far more than they should do; for they take it to mean, "Can we communicate with Mars?" That is a very different question.

#### A Puzzle for the Future

We may say that we shall never know whether an attempt to communicate with Mars has been successful until we receive an answer from Mars, and there is, of course, in any case, the vital query as to whether Mars is inhabited. And then, even supposing there are living beings there, and that they have highly developed brains, they may know nothing about our methods of wireless.

The other way of interpreting the question may be put in these words: "Can we send wireless waves as far as Mars?" Some time ago, out of curiosity, we worked out roughly the power of the machinery which would be required to do this, and came to the conclusion that the task of building such machines is not altogether impossible. Whether or not the waves would ever reach Mars, however, we cannot say.

## SOMETHING NEW FOR AEROPLANES

### Airmen Safer From Fire

One of the greatest dangers in flying is the risk of fire, owing to the highly inflammable nature of petrol, the fuel which is at present used for all aircraft engines, while the terrific noise made by the engines is itself very nerve-racking.

Both these great disadvantages have been overcome, it is said, by the invention of two Englishmen, Mr. William P. Durnall and Commander G. T. Bowles, R.N., who have designed a new engine which they declare to be silent, and which will burn heavy, crude oil.

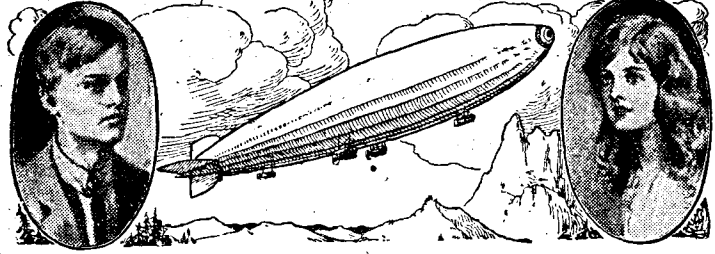
Not only is the risk of fire thus eliminated and flying made more pleasant, but this class of fuel is very much cheaper than the highly-refined petrol.

#### THE FRUIT TREE BALLOON

An important invention is being used with success by Californian fruit-growers, whose fruit trees are large and have to be fumigated. A balloon has suspended from it a large tent, which it drops over the tree. The fumigating gas is introduced into the tent, and the whole tree is easily dealt with. The balloon and a crew of four men make it possible to fit thirty tents an hour over big Valencia orange trees.



# THE SKY RIDERS



## A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE ROUND THE WORLD

Told by T. C. Bridges, Author of "Martin Crusoe"

### CHAPTER 45

#### The Wire

"WILL we creep along down it, and see if we can get round the end?" suggested Tim. "It runs right into the lake," Mr. Trench told him. "And much as I should like to get inside the enclosure, I'd not trust myself in the water. There are beasts there that don't belong in the natural history books."

Cyril shivered slightly. The idea of the deep, dark water and its unknown inhabitants daunted him.

"I suppose there's not a tree left that hangs over the wire anywhere?" he asked.

"There's nothing of the sort," answered the explorer. "I have made sure of that. Kent may find these Karaleks useful as police, but he is not taking any chances of their getting inside. He'd as soon trust a pack of wolves."

"Faith, I don't blame him," said Tim. "Not from what I've seen of him. But what'll we do at all? We can't be sitting here all through the night."

"Upon my word I don't know what to suggest," said Mr. Trench. "Unless, indeed, we try to burrow under the wire."

"It seems the only thing to try," answered Cyril. "But we haven't so much as a spade, and I don't quite know how we are going to do it without one."

"There's plenty of loose wood about," said Mr. Trench. "With my knife we might hew out a couple of rough shovels. After all, the soil is not very hard."

"Tis that we'll do," said Tim with decision. "And a pity it is that we didn't think of it before."

As he spoke he was groping about in the darkness. Sure enough, the ground was littered with branches and large splinters from the trees which Kent had felled. Much had been burnt, but there was plenty left. Very soon Tim had found a useful length, and their new friend was busy sharpening the end with the blade of his big hunting knife.

At the end of a quarter of an hour it was ready, and Tim took it and set to work. Cyril, meantime, had found a second piece, and this Mr. Trench tackled.

Soon Cyril was busy alongside Tim, and the two made the soft earth fly. Yet it was slow work, for they dared not use a light, and they had to be desperately careful not to touch the wire. From the spark drawn from it by Mr. Trench's knife blade it was quite evident that it carried a very heavy load, enough, probably, to kill, or at any rate stun, anyone who touched it.

Besides that, the soil was full of roots, and the moment they got below the surface they struck a perfect network of them. Mr. Trench had to use his knife to cut them one by one.

An hour passed, and they were not two feet down, and the roots they encountered grew thicker and heavier the farther they went.

Their hands were sore, and perspiration poured down their faces. Into the bargain this low ground by the lake swarmed with mosquitoes of a particularly venomous brand. They bit cruelly. Their hands and faces were almost covered with the detestable insects, and Cyril knew

well enough that the pain and discomfort they caused were the least of the danger, for the bite of these swamp mosquitoes brings malaria, and even worse things, in its train.

It was Tim who stopped and wiped his streaming face.

"Here's a root as thick as my leg and twice as hard," he said. "Tis an axe we'll be needing to get through it."

"You're right, Tim," agreed Cyril gravely. "This is beyond a knife to cut, and at the present rate it will be daylight before we can finish our tunnel under the wire. What are we to do, Mr. Trench?"

Mr. Trench straightened his aching back.

"I'm very much afraid you are right, Cyril. The job is beyond us without proper tools. We must try and find some place where the ground is free from roots, and, if not, our only chance is to take to the water."

In spite of the heat, Cyril shivered again. The idea of the lake, with its strange inhabitants, was terrifying. Cyril had plenty of pluck to face any danger that he could see, but to swim in that dark water with the risk of being plucked down by some denizen of the depths was enough to terrify anyone.

"Let's try for a softer place first," he said. "If we only could have a light it would be so very much easier."

"Quite so, but a light is out of the question," returned the big man. "Let us move quietly along the wire to the right. I think that, nearer the lake, there may be more open ground."

He moved off slowly, and the boys, carrying their wooden shovels, followed. The ground was rough and covered with stumps, and there was always the danger of running into the wire. They had to go very slowly.

For a couple of minutes, perhaps, they crept forwards. Suddenly from the direction of the lake came a loud splashing sound, and then a deep snort.

Mr. Trench stopped short.

The snort was followed by a loud crashing and trampling.

"Steady!" said the explorer. "It's a hippo coming out of the lake. We'd best look out or he may trample right over us. They're clumsy brutes, hippos."

### CHAPTER 46

#### Unexpected Assistance

THOUGH a hippopotamus is not a ferocious animal it is a very big one, and the old bulls are apt to be very queer-tempered. It was not altogether a pleasant situation in which the three found themselves, standing there in the darkness with this monster waddling across the open ground and coming apparently straight towards them.

"We must find cover of some sort," whispered Mr. Trench in Cyril's ear. "Look out for a fallen tree."

They backed away carefully, and presently Cyril stumbled against something in the darkness.

"Here we are," he said. "It's a good big trunk. We can all get behind it."

They did so without delay.

"All I wish is 'twas twice as big," muttered Tim.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Mr. Trench. "He'll hardly cross this, even if he bumps into it. In any case, he can see a great deal better than we can."

"What's he after?" asked Tim.

"The green corn they've got planted inside the enclosure. Your friend Kent has made every preparation for a long stay. He has a regular garden inside the wire."

"It must take a good fence to keep out beasts like that," said Cyril, as the trampling sounded nearer. "He must be a whacker. I say—suppose he tackles the fence?"

The words were hardly out of his mouth before a bright flash lit the gloom.

"He's touched it!" said Cyril in a sharp whisper.

No one heard what he said, for next instant came a bellow like nothing on earth, a trumpeting roar worse than that of an angry elephant. It was followed by a tremendous twanging.

"He's into it!" cried Tim. "The baste is into it!"

Into it he was, without a shadow of a doubt. The shock—and even for a beast the size of a hippo the shock must have been a heavy one—had turned his blundering good nature to sudden fury, and Master Hippo had flung the whole of his two or three tons of bone and flesh against the barbed wire fence.

Fresh flashes darted forth, but only for a second. The next, the thick wires parted with a series of resounding twangs, and a deep crunching of uprooted posts.

Tim raised his head.

"Good luck to him! The baste has done the trick. He's finished our job for us. Sure, we've nothing to do but walk right through."

Mr. Trench's heavy hand fell on Tim's shoulder.

"Down, you idiot! Don't you realise that this will bring out every soul in the place?"

He was right. Almost instantly lights flashed out from the land side of the old palace by the lake. A blinding ray came sweeping across from a doorway or window, wheeling across the garden and the open ground behind, casting a white glare on the log behind which the boys and Mr. Trench were hidden, and coming to rest upon the cause of all the disturbance.

Peeping over the rim of their refuge, Cyril was witness of the most amazing spectacle upon which his eyes had ever rested. The hippo, a monster as big as an average elephant, and probably weighing six to seven thousand pounds, had gone through the great six-strand, barbed-wire fence as if it had been so much packthread. But in doing so several strands of the wire had got wrapped around his huge body. Thick as his hide was, the bars had evidently penetrated it, and the smart of them combined with the sharp electric shock, had driven him frantic.

Now he was plunging back towards the lake, dragging half the fence behind him. With every plunge fresh posts went, breaking with cracks like pistol shots, while the coils of loose wire whipped up and down, and twisted afresh around the tortured body of the colossus.

"Keep down!" warned Mr. Trench again. "They'll be shooting in a minute."

### CHAPTER 47

#### Taking Chances

AGAIN he was right. From the front of the palace two rifles opened at once, and a volley of bullets thudded against the mad monster.

If Kent's men had hoped to save their fence they were mistaken. The fresh wounds seemed only to drive the hippo more crazy than before. He fairly galloped towards the lake, raking the posts and wire away as easily, and far more quickly, than a tank would abolish a Hun entanglement. Twice he came down on his head with a thud that shook the ground.

And still the light followed him, the rifles cracked, and the bullets thudded on their living target.

Then he reached the edge of the lake, and with one devastating rush went over. There was a splash like the launching of a battleship, and spray glittered golden in the searchlight's glare. Dead silence followed. The monstrous beast was gone, and with him the better part of a hundred yards of Kent's carefully prepared defence.

Angry voices broke the stillness, and two men came running out to inspect the scene of the damage. The light was no longer on the log, and Cyril ventured to peep over.

They were white men, but hard-faced, ruffian-looking fellows, dressed in workman's blue overalls. One had a rifle, the other carried a heavy pistol.

"Here's a nice job!" snarled one. "We'll have them blacks in here, a-cutting our throats, next thing we know. Pretty taking the boss will be in!"

"Tain't our fault, anyway!" returned the other. "So he can't say nothing to us about it."

"Can't he?" retorted number one, who was evidently very much upset. "He'll say we'd ought to have shot the brute afore it started the job. See here, Jonas, we'll have to mend this up some way."

"What—tonight?"

"Yes, tonight!" snapped the other. "There's plenty o' wire inside. We'll run two strands across and connect 'em up with the dynamo. I ain't a-going to have them niggers inside the place, not if I knows it. And there ain't nothing to stop 'em once they get into the garden."

"All right," said the man called Jonas, in a sulky tone. "Tell Ben to keep the light on. I'll come along and help you get out the wire."

The pair turned, and went back towards the pillared doorway of the palace.

Cyril was on his feet in a flash.

"Now's our chance, Mr. Trench!" he whispered sharply.

"To get in, you mean?"

"Yes, they'll be some minutes getting that wire. We shall have plenty of time to slip through into the garden before they come out again."

"I believe you are right," replied the big man quietly. "Come along then. But if the searchlight shifts drop quickly."

Rising to his feet, he stepped over the log, and led the way. Cyril followed, and, close behind, Tim. Cyril's heart was thumping, but with excitement, not fright.

TO BE CONTINUED

## NOTES AND QUERIES

**What does K.B. mean?** The initials K.B. after a man's name mean that he is a Knight of the Order of the Bath.

**What is a Fabian?** A Fabian is one who in a contest seeks to wear out his opponent by dilatory tactics, just as Fabius Maximus, the Roman general, weakened and harassed Hannibal by marches and counter-marches without any fixed battles. The Fabian Society is an English Socialist organisation.

**What is the Pax Americana?** The Pax Americana is a term used for the peace which it is believed President Wilson would have arranged if he had had an absolutely free hand and had not had to consider the English, French, and other claims.

**What is the Board of Green Cloth?** It is a committee, with the Lord Steward as chief, which controls the King's household and passes all accounts. It formerly sat round a table covered with green cloth.

## Five-Minute Story

### THE MUFF

"WHAT a muff he is!" "Always mugging away at maths!"

"I believe he'd rather read history than play footer!"

"I hate a fellow that isn't a sport!"

These remarks were made by a group of boys coming out of school one summer afternoon, and the object of their scorn was walking in front of them—a slight, pale boy, with a pile of school books under his arm.

"Let's give him a ducking. It will soak some of the learning out of him!"

It was little Miggs who spoke; and he was not one who wasted much time in learning.

"Good idea!" cried half-a-dozen voices. "We have to pass the river, and so does Miss Muff."

"It won't be much sport for us if he drowns," remonstrated Adams minor.

"Drown!—why, it's not two feet deep near the edge where we'll dump him."

No sooner was the plan made than they began to put it into execution. The conspirators followed their victims' footsteps stealthily, for when he reached the narrow path on the river bank they meant to fall on him with horrid war-cries, and toss him and his hated school-books into the muddy water.

There was an old stone bridge over the river—a favourite place for anglers, and naughty little boys who often climbed the stone parapet at the risk of their lives.

There were children on this bridge at the very moment they all came round the narrow path, and suddenly a piercing cry rang out, and there was a heavy splash into the deep water.

One of the little boys had fallen in at last. Everybody stood still for a second, and then the boy who could only "mug at maths," threw his books on to the ground, tore off his coat, and plunged into the deep, black river, swimming with bold, swift strokes to the sinking child.

His persecutors stood watching breathlessly, and a cheer rose from a group of old men on the bridge as the swimmer grasped the drowning child, and began to return more slowly.

It was then that the watching schoolboys waded deeply into the water, cheering loudly, and stretching out helping hands.

"Well!" they gasped. "So you can swim!"

"Swim! I could swim before I could talk, youngster. And I'll give you fellows some lessons when I'm through with this scholarship. Nice for that kid if he'd been left to drown!" He looked ruefully at his books. "Anyway, I've got to work first. I'm not so rich as some of you chaps!"

He turned homewards, but a dozen hands seized him.

"I say, old fellow, you've got to be chaired home on our shoulders, for we're proud to know such a jolly good sport!"





# A Blithe Heart Makes a Smiling Face



## DI MERRYMAN

"MY neighbour has more cheek than any man I ever met," said Mr. Atkins to a friend.

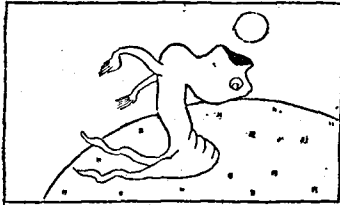
"How's that?" asked his friend.

"Why, yesterday he came over to my place to borrow a gun—said he wanted to shoot a cat."

"Well, where does the cheek come in?"

"Why, it was my cat he wanted to shoot!"

### The Zoo That Never Was



#### The Trill

THIS little Trill, when it feels ill,  
Soon banishes its troubles.  
For then it will climb up the hill  
And play at catching bubbles.

#### A Sure Cure

"Can you tell me a good cure for sleepwalking?"

"Yes, scatter a few hundred tin-tacks on your bedroom floor before retiring."

#### How To Save Ink

THERE'S a very mean man of Belsize,  
Who thinks he is clever and wise;  
So what do you think?  
He saves gallons of ink  
By simply not dotting his i's!

#### Do You Live in Staffordshire?

STAFFORDSHIRE is the shire, or county, of Stafford, a name which means the ford, or river-crossing, that was deep enough to necessitate the traveller carrying a staff or stick.

#### On a Bad Singer

SWANS sing before they die;  
'twere no bad thing  
Should certain persons die before they sing.  
COLERIDGE

**Right and Wrong on the Road**  
THE law of the road is a paradox quite;

For, when you are travelling along,  
If you keep to the left you are sure to be right,

If you keep to the right you'll be wrong.

#### A Truth Simply Stated

Can you read this sentence?

Times, times, times, times, } Hatred,  
Times, times, times, times, } love  
Times, times, times, times, }

Solution next week

#### Is Your Name Turner?

THIS name is derived from the industry which one of your ancestors followed. He was first known as *the* turner, to distinguish him from others of the same Christian name, and then the description became a surname.

#### What Is It?

THE beginning of eternity,  
The end of time and space,  
The beginning of every end,  
And the end of every place.

Answer next week

#### Tangrams

HERE are some more tangram pictures, each made from the seven pieces of the square shown in the first diagram.

Take a large square of cardboard, cut it into seven pieces as shown, and see if you can make the figures of the horse and its rider, the cotton reel, and the head of Johnny Turk.



The pieces must fit closely together, and must not overlap.

Endless amusement can be had in the making of these tangram pictures, for almost any object can be made.

#### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

##### Is Your Name Here?

The names were Henry and Kitty.

A Simple Sum—LOVE

## Hoity Toity and Molly Coddle

Hoity and Molly have run away from a grumpy aunt to find their parents. They meet Moses, a gipsy boy, and join his Uncle's circus, which is going to London.

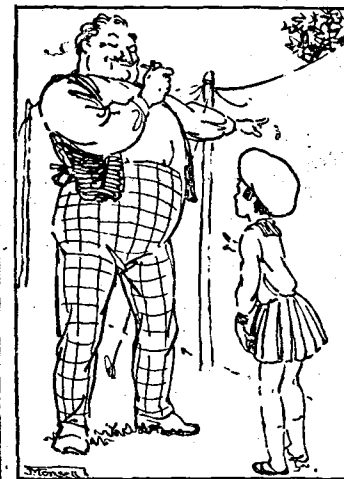
### CHAPTER 15

IT was daylight when Molly woke, rather alarmed to feel how she was being jolted till she remembered she was in the caravan. Presently they were all awake and getting up, and Daisy, a nice little girl of Molly's age, was glad to have her for a friend.

"Don't put on them boy's things again, dear!" cried Aunt Sarah. "Here's a frock of Daisy's—you put that on."

They had a cosy breakfast, and in the afternoon they all got out to have dinner.

They had stopped on a broad, lonely common, and Hoity and Moses and all the men were making fires, and cooking.



"You may see them," he said



The Dwarf was tasting the broth

A large screen had been raised round the back of one caravan, and Uncle George explained to Molly that Eustace the Giant, Mr. Rivers the Dwarf, and Ping-Pong the Savage Cannibal, had to keep there so that if any of the public passed they could not see them for nothing.

"But you can go and see them, if you like," he said.

So Molly went, and there was the Giant, tremendously tall and thin, watching a huge pot that was steaming over a fire. He looked gentle, and spoke with quite a meek little voice.

The Savage was black, but he was dressed respectably and seemed harmless. But the Dwarf frowned. He was a tiny man, less than Hoity, and had a fierce, curly moustache.

He just frowned, and ignored Molly, and dipped a spoon into the steaming pot, and tasted the broth several times. But when the Giant wanted to taste it, he wouldn't let him.

"It isn't ready yet," Mr. Rivers said, in such deep tones that it seemed as if he had changed voices with the Giant.

"That's how it always is," Eustace grumbled helplessly to Molly. "Keeps tasting to see if it's done, and by the time it's ready there's none left for Ping-Pong and me."

"Stop him," whispered Molly. "You're the biggest."

"He's too strong," sighed the Giant. "But you can speak up. Mr. Rivers is deaf; that's why it's no good talking to him. I suppose you haven't got a bit of cake?"

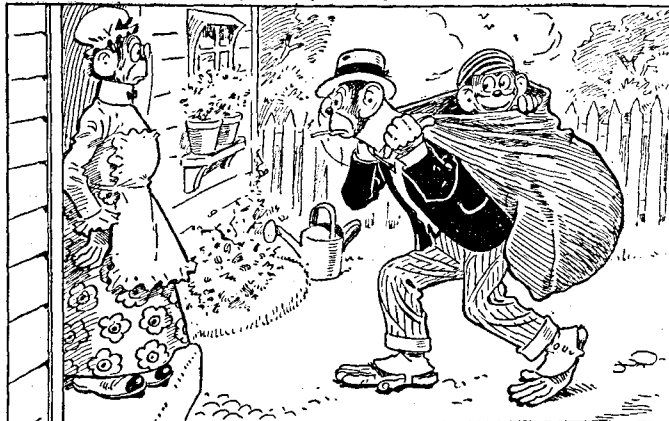
"I had," said Molly, "but we ate it all yesterday."

"It's always eaten yesterday when I want it," Eustace was nearly crying.

Molly said she would like to help them, if she could.

"You can," he answered. "I'll tell you how. But come farther away. Sometimes Mr. Rivers can hear when you don't expect him to."

More of Hoity Toity next week



"There's something more than potatoes in here," gasped Adolphus

## Who Was He?

### The Transport Man

ALMOST exactly a hundred years before the battle of Waterloo a child was born in Derbyshire who was destined to do much in cheapening the transport of goods in England.

Today we reap great benefit from his achievements, and had the nation not been so foolish as to neglect his work, it would be reaping still greater benefits in cheaper transport and, consequently, cheaper food.

The boy had a dissolute, idle father who did nothing at all to help him. The result was that he did not obtain even the most elementary education, and had to go to work on the land to assist in keeping his mother.

He was very interested in mechanical matters, and when he was 17 induced a millwright at Macclesfield to take him as an apprentice.

At last he started in business on his own account, but he did not confine himself to mill machinery. He made an engine for draining coal-pits, and his reputation as an engineer of skill and resourcefulness soon spread.

A famous and somewhat eccentric duke had large deposits of coal under his estates, but it did not pay him to sink shafts and bring this to the surface because of the high cost of transporting it to where it was required.

The duke consulted the young engineer, who proposed a certain project that to all other engineers of the day seemed mad and impossible of achievement.

The duke, however, had faith in his protégé, and allowed him to go ahead with his plan, and the result triumphantly vindicated his faith. The work was a great success, and before long many other similar projects were begun in all parts of the country. The young man became the greatest engineer of his day.

His lack of early education did not seem to hamper him. He rarely drew plans, but, when a difficult scheme had to be thought out, he would go to bed and remain there for two or three days until his scheme had been matured, and all the details arranged in his mind.

His memory was amazing, and he often declared that he could remember and make all the parts of the most complex machine without the aid of plans.

His one consuming passion

was his work, and he was a man absolutely without jealousy, taking as keen an interest in the success of others as in his own. He died in

September, 1772, at the age of 56. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

Last Week's Name—Sir John Moore.



## Jacko Fills the Sack

JACKO was sitting with a book one morning, nose and knees together over the fire, when his mother called him.

"I wish you would fetch me some potatoes," she said.

Now, the shed was at the top of the garden, and Jacko, who was very comfortable where he was, got up slowly and not very willingly. He went off at such a snail's pace that his mother added: "Hurry up, Jacko! I want them for dinner."

Adolphus was standing in the doorway, and Jacko heard him say: "He's a lazy little beggar!"

"Lazy, am I?" muttered Jacko, indignantly.

And then some particularly happy thought must have struck him, for he left off frowning and began to grin. He raced off down the garden, whistling as he went.

By and by Mother Jacko said: "What a time that boy is!" and she went to the window and looked out.

There was no sign of Jacko, but the sack was there, as large as life, dumped down in the middle of the path.

"That lad will send me crazy!" declared Mrs. Jacko. "If he hasn't filled the sack and left it half-way up the garden!"

"I'll fetch it!" said Adolphus in a lofty tone, and off he strode. He picked up the sack, shouldered it, and came staggering back.

"It's a tidy weight!" he gasped. "There's something more than potatoes in here!"

"It's Jacko!" exclaimed his mother.

"Where?" cried Adolphus, swinging the sack to the ground.

"Here!" chuckled Jacko, springing out and taking to his heels. "Here today, but gone tomorrow."



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# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## SCENES IN THE GLORIOUS FAILURE OF SHACKLETON AND HIS MEN



Pillars of snow connected by a wire enabled the men to find their way to the ship in blinding snowstorms



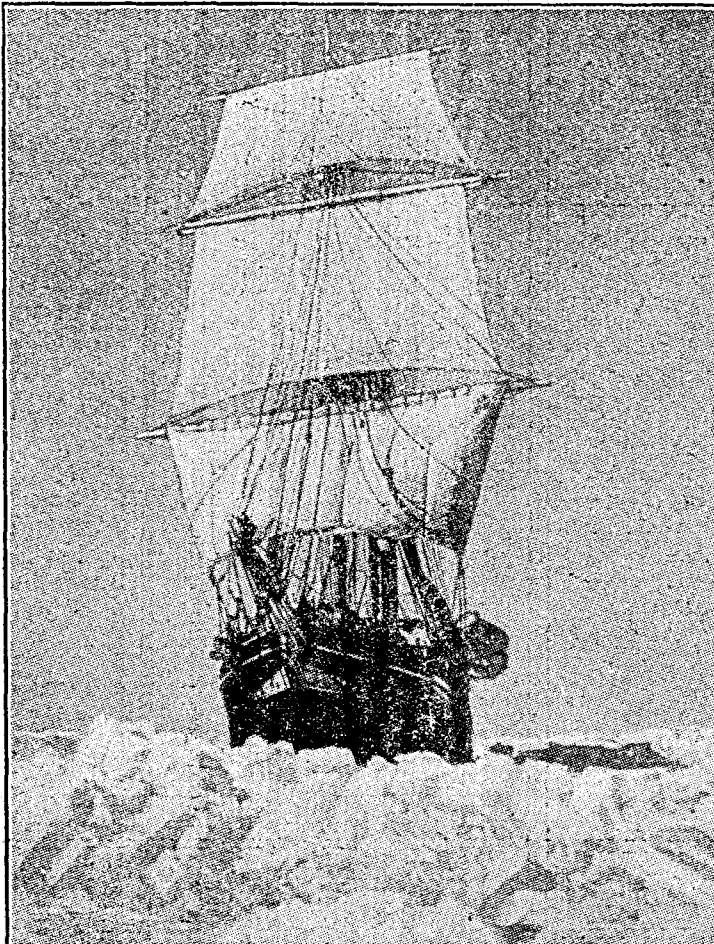
Sir Ernest Shackleton, Leader of the Expedition



Shackleton and his party spend a perilous night on an iceberg, their only warmth being from a blubber stove



Samson, the fine dog who justified his name by pulling a load of over two hundredweight



The good ship Endurance in the pride of her youth ploughing through the ice of the Antarctic seas with the Shackleton explorers on board



An inquisitive party of young emperor penguins comes to see the explorers



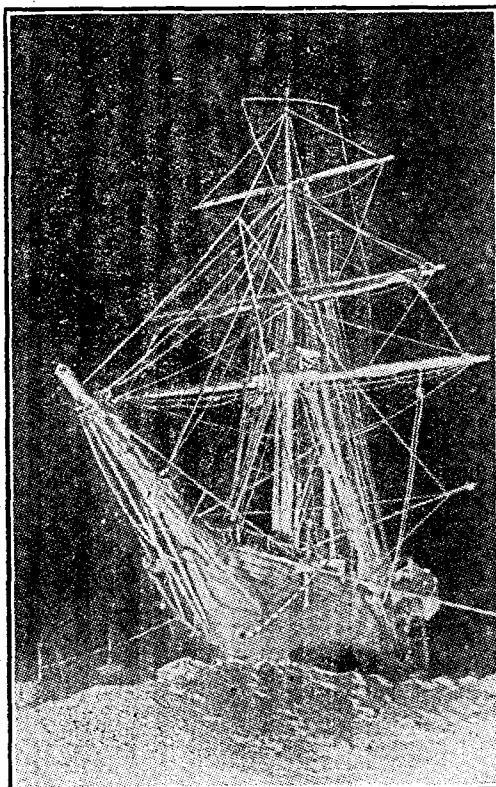
The puppies Roger, Toby, and Nelson, that shared the perils of the expedition



Shackleton, in the boat, comes to greet his men on Elephant Island after many days



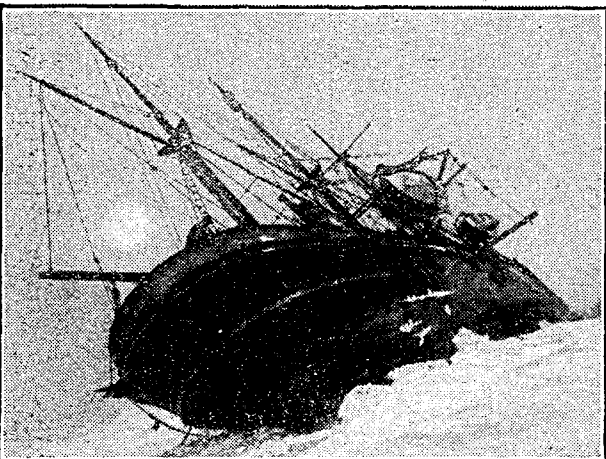
Exercising the dogs on the ice pack to keep them fit during the long night of inactivity



The Endurance held in the relentless grip of the ice during the long Antarctic night



Some of the Antarctic seals which often provided the expedition with much-needed food



The Endurance pushed over by the ice, when everything on board, including dogs and kennels, fell together in a heap



Taking a last look at the Endurance after she had been crushed to pieces by the ice

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